MEN OF THE INNER JUNGLE

W. F. ALDER

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As a preliminary to all warlike excursions, the omens are consulted and offerings are made to the spirits

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BY

W. F. ALDER

Author of "The Isle of Vanishing Men"

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BY THE AUTHOR

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To the

Southern California Academy of Sciences,
which sponsored my wanderings of 1920,
this narrative of a ramble with the genial
Head-Hunters is inscribed in Fellowship

FOREWORD

Morning stealing out of velvet night ghost-sheeted with gray translucent vapors—noon smiting the jungle roof with blazing swelter—night creeping on one with deepening shadows in which the will-o'-the-wisps dance eerily like spectral banshees of a nether world. Within the dank fastnesses of the tangles where one hacks a pathway, dim vistas beckon, luring the adventurer onward through dead morasses to moss-festooned highlands beyond which live the Dyaks —head-hunters—killers, yet, withal, a kindly people.

We shall ramble in byways remote from human habitation in areas as yet unmapped; stumble on savage nomadic tribes which scatter and disappear silently as do strange animals warned of our approach by ever-watchful troupes of chattering monkeys.

As friends, we shall live in the great long-

houses of the head-hunters, who,—perfect hosts, ever solicitous for our welfare—soon come to know that our mission among them is one of amity. Here we shall find men of pagan tribes pursuing the strange tenor of their ways in total ignorance of those whose skins are white: loving, hating, dancing, feasting, harvesting, and fighting among their neighbors, working both hard and precious metals cunningly, governed by an ancient code admirable in its concept.

We shall be participant in their feasts and orgies with but little fear, for they will have extended the hand of friendship and sat with us at salt. Their kiddies, after the first shyness has taken flight, will swarm upon us and listen with childish wonderment to the ticking of our watches. The elders will gravely discuss with us the great "river" which they believe to surround their island but which none of them have ever seen. They will listen in awe at our stories of towering "long-houses" and scrutinize photographs of cities in wondering delight. In turn they will recount for our benefit the quaint folklore stories with which their land abounds.

The "going" will be hard, for only at times will a stream take course along our pathway, but in each of the *kampongs* which we visit we shall find men who will carry our burdensome equipment onward. For days on end our clothing will be soaked with either rain or perspiration, and, much to our further discomfort, many leeches will search out and find the interstices of our clothing. Mosquitos, too, will add their torments to our sufferings, and, long before returning to the outer world, our faces will have lost the rounded fullness acquired during those long, indolent steamer days.

For food we shall subsist upon viands prepared in the original containers by Sam, our Tamil cook, who, when preparing a meal, simply dumps the tinned supplies we select into an iron bucket and heats them in water over a fire. Later, we shall have assisting him another cook who unfortunately is under a penal sentence of a hundred and something years, this being the aggregate of punishments for numerous offenses against the laws of a paternal Dutch government. Sometimes we wonder if his cookery had

anything to do with it and at times are almost sure.

We shall find the warriors to be grown-up children when at play, savages when performing religious orgies, fiendishly brutal when engaged in warfare, yet we shall leave them regretfully, for their good qualities are legion. From them we may draw a lesson, for their simple life is stripped of many superfluities which, by reason of their innate modesty and sensible if somewhat unconventional recognition of natural law, makes possible a wholesome intercourse within communities impossible in our complex social system.

We shall dispense with academic phraseology, lapse into the vernacular with and without provocation, do a lot of hard "hiking," possibly bewail our wearied bodies, but will witness the minutest details of a savage race on their daily round of life, our minds entirely at ease except on one or two occasions.

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CHAPTER I

IN AND OUT OF SINGAPORE

"GIMME three, mostly aces," says the doctor. We look at him and break into laughter. The first officer, whose next draw it is, is studying his hand in ludicrous perplexity. The *enfants* are enjoying their introduction to the great American game of draw-poker.

We are the only first-cabin passengers on board except for a rotund "babu" returning to Calcutta, who so lacks in camaraderie that he does n't count. The others, doctor and first officer of the ship, disgusted at our ineptitude at bridge, have agreed to a little game of poker at one-penny entrance fee and ten-cent limit with, as all indications seem to promise, the donation

of all their loose change as exit money. The game is hilarious. The doctor seems to regard his losses as a huge joke and happily draws four cards to an ace, shrieking with merriment when, after scrutinizing his draw, he finds that somehow he did n't "fill." He is an East Indian, a graduate of the Calcutta College of Medicine, black as the ace of spades he loves to draw to, but a scholar and a gentleman—the kind of a fellow whom you would go out of your way to favor if he were in need of it.

The "chief," good fellow, is making his first voyage in the merchant service since the war. Mine-sweeping on the North Sea ever since the great conflict began has furrowed his face deeply with lines, and there is an air of repression about him that makes one feel somehow that he is scarred inside. Both are Britishers and proud of the fact. Taken all together, they are a couple of regular men. Attracted by the hilarity in the tiny dining saloon, the captain pauses on his way from the bridge and looks in at the door. He makes note of the sag of the table in our direction and sings out some comment about certain

American highbinders who should be placed in irons for working a confidence game on two babes in the woods. In answer we invite him to the party. He enters the room but not the game. After a little effort he digs out from his hip pocket a much frayed memorandum-book and orders silence.

"Settle up your scores," he commands, "and then listen to this one." While we count our winnings, about two dollars between us, he runs over the pages of his note-book and bursts into loud guffaws. "I never can remember jokes," he remarks, "so I always write them down. Here 's one the engineer just told me."

The peals of laughter that follow the skipper's story have scarcely subsided when the chief engineer comes in to see what ails us. He in turn tells a story, aptly, with a finesse that makes us hold aching sides, our eyes tearful from laughter. We call the steward and, with what we add to our poker winnings, pass a pleasant evening.

Long before eight bells sounds we burst forth into song. "How 're you gonna keep 'em down on the farm" mingles discordantly with "He 's a

jolly good fellow," which the captain renders, eyes closed, chin raised toward the zenith, while he thumps the rhythm upon the dining-table with fists the size of hams.

The party breaks up shortly before the ship's bell in the crow's-nest announces the dog-watch, singing "God Save the King"; then, as a gallant afterthought, the Britishers essay "The Star-Spangled Banner." The high notes prove too much for them, but they hold on with typical tenacity, and, much to our surprise, show us that they know all the words. Uncommonly nice, we take it, and go to our cabins with a glow in our hearts for these sailormen in the China trade.

Daybreak finds us anchored in the inner basin of the harbor of Singapore. We are but eighty miles north of the equator, and the early morning sun lifts from the sea like a great globe of molten copper. It is the first of November and therefore the beginning of the second and last rainy season of the year. There is nothing to do but await the coming of the port quarantine officer at eight. Our baggage is packed and in

readiness for transfer shoreward in one of the large "dhows" that noisy Tamils and Malabarese propel toward our steamer with sweeps which they handle with the ease of long familiarity.

The harbor is alive with the shipping of a dozen nations. Here the Tricolor of France whips jauntily in the fresh morning breeze close beside the blue, yellow-barred flag of a rusty Swedish ocean tramp berthed alongside of a big British tanker, parts of whose Diesel engines, evidently undergoing some repair, lay upon her deck. A five-master over to the right, just inside the tip of the South Mole, displays the Stars and Stripes; and we, both seeing it at the same instant, point it out to one another in such evident pride that we both laugh heartily, remarking a moment later that we don't appreciate the old flag until we get away from home.

Before us stretches Collier Quay. Facing the sea wall stands the Arcade Building, the arched façade of which reminds us of our rambles in Bombay. Innumerable sampans dot the waters,

plying to and fro restlessly, or await fares from the stone steps of Johnson's Landing to ships riding at anchor half a mile offshore.

One is immediately impressed with the bustling activity which characterizes the port and looks forward to a sojourn in the busy city as a welcome relief from the ennui of long days on shipboard. Breakfast over, and quarantine safely passed, we bid a last good-by to our friends the ship's officers and go ashore after making promises to write often, which promises we later shamefully neglect. There is much to be done. We are in a hurry to visit the land of the head-hunters and are eager to learn when we can book passage on a ship going there. Elbowing our way through a throng of money-changers and coolies who seek to carry the hand-baggage that burdens us, we make our way to the end of the covered landing and step into rickshaws to be whirled away to the hotel. Over Cavanaugh Bridge, past the town hall and Hotel de l'Europe we glide, to turn up Coleman Street and stop at the Adelphi, which faces on the broad shady square occupied by St. Andrew's Cathedral.

It was here that we lived two months previously before visiting Siam, and because of their many courtesies and, too, the fact that they are holding for us some much-needed laundry, we return to our old hotel.

The clerk greets us with many inquiries as to the success and our enjoyment of the northern trip. What pleases us most of all is that he presents us with a bundle of letters, which we immediately open and read avidly, for it is the first word from home we have had since having left this island city two months ago.

The matter of our trunks and camping equipment we turn over to the hotel *mandor* or porter, who immediately sallies forth to engage a bullock cart in which to carry the bulky cases. In answer to our inquiry regarding boats for Borneo we are informed that one, the *Schouten,* a Dutch steamer of the Paketvaart Line, is scheduled to sail at three that very afternoon, and we look at each other in dismay. "However on earth can we make it?" We know that it will take the *mandor* until noon to get the baggage ashore. There are three months' supplies to purchase,

whole menus to figure out, so that in the jungle we may have a variety of food for weeks on end. Our photographic equipment needs overhauling. There are letters to write, passports to get, letters of introduction from our consul-general to the Dutch authorities to be obtained; we must hire a cook, get our police clearance, eat our lunch, go to the police magazine, and draw some of the ammunition for our pistols and rifles, which according to British colonial regulation we have stored there.

It is a large order to fill in something less than four and a half hours. The clock tells us that it is now ten thirty.

We rapidly sketch out a plan of action. Each of us takes certain things to do, and the hotel clerk is entrusted with getting our equipment transferred to the *Schouten*. This he assures us he can do and we dismiss that matter from our minds.

It has fallen to my lot to handle the official business—the passports—and to buy the steamer tickets, and so I hurriedly leave the hotel and bounce off in a rickshaw to the steamship office.

Upon arrival there I am informed that on account of the tide the ship will sail an hour earlier than scheduled.

At my look of dismay I am referred to a portly individual who stands with back to me, looking out of the window at the busy street below. The clerk behind the counter indicates him with the much-chewed end of the pen he holds in hand, quite wearily, as though my breathless hurry bores him.

"Maybe he will wait for you; he is the captain," he remarks, and I in turn go to that worthy and address him anxiously. He turns upon me a genial rotund countenance that lights with recognition.

"Hello, Alexandria Hotel, how 's Los Angeles?" is his greeting as he puts forth his hand.

"Captain Kramer!" is my surprised reply. The last time I saw him was in the lobby of that famous hostelry. "Well, Captain," I continue, "I never expected to see you out here in the Indies; I thought you were on the Atlantic run."

I heave a sigh of relief. That steamer won't leave now, I know, until we are safely on board.

The captain is an old friend who can be counted on in an emergency. To him I rapidly recount our dilemma, and he shoos me out of the office to get the passports without which the office cannot issue me the tickets.

An interminable ten minutes in the British colonial secretary's office brings forth the blue, much bestamped, but all-important passports with the official's signature duly affixed, and, after depositing four dollars with a clerk in the outer sanctum, I tear back to the steamship office, where the tickets are all made out and awaiting me, thanks to the captain's thoughtfulness. Next, to find a cook! An employment office nearby promises to do that with despatch, but here another difficulty presents itself. The cook must have a passport, police clearance, and photographs. Five dollars pressed into the itching palm of the employment agent brings quick action. He promises to attend to the matter personally and jots down the necessary data concerning the reasons for our wishing to take a cook away with us and sundry other questions which he knows the red-tape-loving authorities

will be sure to ask. The cook, he assures us, will be at the Adelphi promptly at one thirty. It is now eleven thirty, time for the American consul-general to go to tiffin. A hasty telephone call holds him in his office till I get there, and, after reading our letters from the State Department, he very graciously gives us a letter to the Dutch government officials in Bandjermasin.

Things are progressing swimmingly. Usually it would have taken three hours to accomplish as much, for on the equator men learn to take their time about things. Nothing more can be accomplished for a while. It is the hour for tiffin, and during the noonday meal the business houses close their doors in Singapore.

As I ride back to the hotel the streets are thronged with hurrying humanity, a cosmopolitan medley of white-garbed Europeans; tall Sikhs, black-bearded and turbaned; brown-skinned Malays in white jackets and "sarongs," gay-colored skirts which reach to the ankle. Among them chattering Kling traders who sport heavy watch-chains of yellow gold, squalid coolies, Chinese, who crouch on their haunches before

the "chow stands" of itinerant restaurateurs of similar nativity whose entire establishments consist of two square cabinets which are slung from a shoulder yoke and which contain a porcelain stove heated with charcoal, a brimming chow kettle and china spoons, and about half a dozen bowls in which he serves his customers, make the streets and byways a weaving potpourri of humanity to be seen nowhere else.

The money-changers close up the tiny holes in the walls that serve them as places of business and lose themselves in the moving throngs. Naked children hover inside doorways, peeping curiously at the passers-by. The discordant booming of brass gongs in a little Chinese temple shatters the hum of the blending street noises, and a bullock cart plods slowly ahead of my rickshaw, blocking the way and thus incurring the wrath of the puller. He is in a hurry to discharge me at the hotel, that he, too, may go to chow.

The noonday gun in Fort Canning, roused from its midday lethargy, booms sullenly as

though angry at being called upon even to speak. A thousand odors assail the nostrils, which to the accustomed sojourner in such byways would tell him of his whereabouts even were he blindfolded, as each of these streets in the native quarter has a distinctive odor of its own, depending upon the racial element residing there.

Singapore is Singapore. Nowhere is there a similar place—a great commercial entrepôt where foregather men of all races under the beneficent rule of the British Colonial Office. The original name of the island was Tamasak, when it was the property of the Sultan of Rhio, who was also Pengulu of Johore. Owing to the sultan's meeting a lion on the island, he changed its name to Singa Pura, which is Malay for lion town.

At the Adelphi we meet and compare notes during hasty ablutions for tiffin, which is already served. Our expeditionary supplies have been purchased from a Chinese ship-chandler—choice American canned goods by the case—about seven hundred dollars' worth. The *mandor* has trans-

ferred our equipment directly from one steamer to the other, thus obviating many port-clearance formalities. How he got away with the thing we don't know, but it has saved us a lot of bother. Only a few details remain to be cleared up. Our minds are easy now. Unless something unforeseen happens there will be no trouble in catching the *Schouten*.

As we enter the dining-room we note with pleasure that the menu includes a "rice-taffle," that Dutch dish to which one comes to look forward in the Indies. It is not designed as a diet for an invalid nor for the man who is afflicted with chronic indigestion. A barefooted Chinese serving boy silently takes our order, a little sullenly we think, and, after rearranging the table service, departs kitchenward to return anon with a great bowl of boiled rice, from which we help ourselves generously. We place the cereal in large soup-plates he has previously set before us. Ranged in a semicircle around this dish are other ordinary plates,—four of them,—which soon come into use, for additional waiters troop toward us like a phalanx of the shades of Hoti,

each bearing a tray of viands from which, as custom dictates, we fill the plates arrayed before us to overflowing.

Chicken cooked in divers ways, roasted, fried, boiled, and grilled; fishes, schools of them—little kindergarten fishes and quite grown-up high-school fishes, some merely salted and some broiled, roasted, and fried; a highly seasoned savory soup with which we drench the rice; a variety of cold meats, some spiced, others larded with sweet bacon; followed with garnitures of toasted cocoanut, salted almonds, tasty shrimps dry as chips, many sauces and chutneys—these and others are brought to us until we almost weariedly wave away the servitors that we may fall to and accomplish the purpose of our being there.

After tiffin we stroll out into the shaded patio, for the midday heat is enervating and the rice-taffle is conducive to drowsiness. One thirty arrives, but our new cook fails to put in an appearance. We wait five minutes for him and then anxiously telephone the employment office. The manager there informs us that the man is

on his way from his home, where he had gone to get some additional clothing and would undoubtedly be there any minute. Somewhat angrily, we tell him to hold the cook and we will be along and pick him up by automobile, for the steamer is scheduled to sail in about twenty minutes. The machine is hastily summoned from the hotel garage, and in a few minutes we are whirling off toward the employment bureau, our Malay chauffeur keeping our hearts bobbing in our throats by his apparent indifference to pedestrians and rickshaws.

As we pull up at the whitewashed gate of the agency our cook comes forth with the smile of an imbecile wreathing his ebon countenance. It is our first glimpse of him, and after giving him the "once over" we decide that our mad chauffeur's best efforts to raise our sinking hearts throatward will be futile, for they have gone down to our boots irretrievably. However, the thing has been done, the man has been hired, and there is no time for chatter. Amid visions of doing our own cooking we order him into the machine beside the driver with huge disgust and head for

Johnson's Landing. There is need for speed, and we take the turns on two wheels.

Upon arrival there we find that the ship's launch has already returned to the *Schouten* and it will be necessary to engage a sampan. There are dozens of them lying alongside the stone ramp. The sky is becoming overcast, and we look dubiously at the gray wall in the offing where a squall is bearing down upon the harbor.

To our inquiries regarding the mooring of the *Schouten,* one of the coolies says that he knows where the ship is berthed, and we clamber into his sampan, while Sam—his native name is unpronounceable; hence the nickname—stows our bags beside us.

The coolie shoves off amid a storm of chatter from his fellow-boatmen, each of them pointing at a different group of ships at anchor in the harbor. The minutes are fast slipping away, and disquieting fears torment us. We wonder if Captain Kramer will really wait for us. It is asking a lot, we tell ourselves. "Oh, but surely he will wait five minutes." We fall silent and watch the coming squall apprehensively. Some

of the ships at the other end of the long mole are becoming obscured in the murk of the approaching storm. A puff or two of wind hits us, the whitecaps dot the water here and there.

We seem to be headed for a large rusty freighter which flies the flag of France. To test the coolie, we ask him if that ship is the *Schouten,* and he nods "yes" with vast assurance. Our jaws drop, for we know better. Dutch ships don't fly French flags. The full significance of our predicament bursts upon us. Here we are, somewhere in the harbor of Singapore, hunting among a hundred ships for the one on which we have booked passage—a black squall bearing down on us, and the steamer due to sail almost any minute. When we recover from the blank surprise with which his ignorance fills us, we both talk to him at the same instant in the only way the average American can talk when relieving outraged feelings. We hail the officer on the bridge of a near-by tramp and ask him if he can direct us. To our great relief, he assures us that he can, and, lapsing into Malay, tells our coolie where the *Schouten* is riding. To our

dismay, we find that we have still an eighth of a mile to go, that the *Schouten* is at the northern end of the mole. The coolie wastes no time, for the idea has finally "percolated" that we are really in a hurry; and the sampan responds gallantly to his efforts at the sweep, though for the time we think our progress painfully slow. It is becoming more hazy every minute. The whole sky is now overcast with dark leaden-colored clouds, which portend a heavy rain. Just as we are calculating our chances of a thorough wetting, the coolie jerks out something in his native tongue and points ahead. We are rounding the great bulk of a British tanker; and before us, not a hundred yards away, is the *Schouten,* which, even as we look, tosses an immense smudge of black smoke from her funnels. A moment later a white cloud bursts from her whistle and, after a choking, gasping clearing of the water condensed in its brazen larynx, announces to the world at large that the ship is about to "up-anchor" and depart. We frantically wave our arms to apprise the skipper of our identity and urge the boatman to greater efforts. When we

are still ten feet from her lowered gangway, at the upper end of which the captain's round face beams upon us, the storm breaks and we are soaked to the skin on the instant.

At this he laughs uproariously and calls to us that it serves us right for making him wait. As we hurry up the gangway, he departs bridgeward, calling back over his shoulder to look at the sampan on the starboard quarter. We turn and witness a laughable incident. Our sampan, protected by the towering British tanker, had not caught the full force of the squall's first blow, but another, laden with boxes and parcels, had not been so nicely sheltered and had overturned, dumping its cargo of baggage into the water. The coolies, struggling there to right the craft, pay no attention to the boxes, which float serenely away before the wind. So interested are we in watching the efforts of the unlucky boatman that we fail to notice that the ship is getting under way until the captain calls down the bridge stairway for us to come up where we can get a better view of the harbor. Disregarding our soaked condition, for the air is warm, we mount to the

bridge, where he and another officer stand under the protection of the broad awning. Before we clear the harbor the rain shuts out all sight of other ships, but Kramer, with the assurance of one who knows well what he is about, gives terse orders from time to time to the Javanese quartermaster on duty at the wheel.

CHAPTER II

OFF FOR DARKEST BORNEO

THE rain has stopped. Over the hatches on the forward deck there hangs a choking cloud of sulphur vapor. The men are at work fumigating the ship's hold, and vagrant drafts waft some of the fumes into the staterooms on the upper deck, where Sam is at work helping us dispose of our various pieces of cabin baggage. We shall be four days on board, and, because of this and the fact that the first-cabin list is only partly filled, the chief steward kindly allows us to stow our trunks and bags in cabins opposite our own, a courtesy that we appreciate, for otherwise we should be somewhat cramped for room.

After togging ourselves out in fresh "whites," we seek the captain, whom we find in his cabin and about to take his afternoon "tea," which, by

the way, turns out to be coffee. As we enter the doorway he calls, *"Jonges,"* or something that sounds like that; and a barefooted serving boy, evidently a Javanese, slips silently into the room from a door at the other end of the cabin and politely answers, *"Saja Tuan,"* at which the captain, with a gesture indicating us, says, *"Saja minta dua koppie,"* to which the boy replies, *"Baai Tuan,"* and forthwith leaves to execute the order. The captain makes us welcome and spreads a place at the table for us as the boy returns with our coffee.

We find the captain a veritable mine of information regarding Borneo and ply him with questions about the island. To begin with, he tells us that it is the second largest island in the world and surprises us by saying that the whole area of the British Isles could be so hidden in its dense jungles that it would be difficult to find them, that its greatest length from northeast to southwest is eight hundred and thirty miles and its greatest breadth six hundred. After we finish our coffee he takes us to his chart-room. Spread before us we find a map of the

island and see that it is crossed by the equator a little below its center. Two thirds of it lie north of the "line." The chart shows us that it is mountainous in parts, though its highest peak, Kinabalu, which towers about fourteen thousand feet above the surrounding jungle, is an isolated mass of granite standing apart from the other mountain chains, which have many peaks rising to a height of ten thousand feet.

Of the climate, he speaks at length, giving us much statistical data, which we carefully jot down, for it will be of value to us later. He informs us that there is copious rainfall at all seasons of the year but that it is heaviest during the northeast monsoon in the months from October to February, and in April and May the rainfall is lightest. He warns us that we have due some very wet weather and will find travel in the interior very difficult on account of swollen rivers. We scratch our heads at this but in no degree lose our enthusiasm for the journey. He also warns us that the temperature will hover around ninety Fahrenheit and may sometimes reach a hundred.

While advising us to travel wherever possible upon the waterways he sketches word-pictures of the giant crocodiles that bask in the broiling sunlight upon the muddy banks of the streams, asleep, mouths wide open for the birds to pick their teeth, a thing we later see for ourselves. But we learn to detest the watchful little feathered dentists, for they often warn the reptiles before we can get a shot at them. The captain cautions us against the snakes, especially the deadly little Russel's viper and hamadryad, a species of cobra, the bite of which is almost certain death.

Of the people of Borneo he says he might talk for a week and not exhaust the subject, but relates one or two experiences and legends for our benefit. Because of his familiarity with the constellations, the captain has taken great interest in the stellar legends of the natives, all the tribes of which he avers give to the various constellations names in accordance with familiar objects of their domestic lives. He relates the myth of the creation, telling us, however, that it is the custom of the people to chant it at night in an

interminable rimed blank verse, when gathered in the long gallery that forms the social hall of their community dwellings.

"In the beginning the earth was a barren rock on which rains fell, and this gave birth to slimy moss in which worms and beetles lived and made soil by their castings. Then the handle of a great sword fell from the sun and became a tree. Later the moon cast off a creeper, which caught upon the tree and, with the aid of the wind, mated with it. Out of this wedlock there came the first two human beings, who were called Kaluban Gai and Kalubi Angai, who were man and woman. The leaves dropping from the tree became birds and insects, and the pigs and beasts of the jungle came from the resin that oozed from the trunk of the tree.

"The two humans were incomplete, having no lower limbs, but from their union came others who were perfectly formed and who gave birth to all the first tribes that lived upon the island. Because of petty grievances the people became estranged, and each man and wife went away from the place they were born, and later they

made war upon one another. They decorated their war shields with hair cut from the heads of the ones they killed in battle. One time during the progress of a tribal battle one of the warriors was sorely wounded and went to a stream to wash his hurts. While bending over the edge of the stream he heard a voice speak to him and, upon looking in the direction from which the sound came, saw a frog, who commiserated him upon his misfortune. The frog warned him that he would never succeed in battle until he took the head of his enemy and hung it from the roof of his house. Then all would fear him, said the frog, and, because of that fear, would fall easy victim to his sword. The man lay in the cool water until nightfall; then when the jungle was dark he made his way to the house of his enemy and, creeping upon him, killed him with a blow of a club. He then silently dragged the body of his victim into the jungle and cut off the head and at daybreak placed it upon the roof pole of his own house."

Such, the captain says, is the story of the creation, which may, if the native narrator is in the

mood, run down the whole length of their tribal history to the present time.

Ever careful not to infringe upon the custom of all old-timers in the Indies, we excuse ourselves after the captain finishes his little dissertation, for siesta time is approaching, and we know that the moment we leave he will don pajamas and retire to his bunk for forty winks or so. We pride ourselves in being able to trot right along through the daylight hours without a snooze, as good live Americans should do. Many times we have been warned in the past by addicts to this custom that sooner or later we will break down and collapse under the high pressure of our goings-on, but as yet we are unable to see any deleterious effects from it.

For lack of something better to do we take a ramble on the deck and find aft of the first-class quarters an interesting sight. Under a great awning which covers the whole after part of the main deck are the third-class passengers, who are huddled, together with their total worldly goods, in family groups. Among them are people of a dozen different islands, homeward bound in

most cases, but, in the case of some of them, men seeking new fields of labor. Most of them are Malays. All are apparently very happy, for they chat gaily among themselves, only sobering as they notice our intrusion. Soon, however, they have sized us up and, evidently finding nothing radically wrong in our appearance, they resume their chatter, some of their women even smiling coquettishly at us as we pass.

There are many bundles pendant from the wooden braces that support the awning,—bundles that seem to form a center of attraction from groups of women,—and we stop to investigate one of them. To our surprise each of these contains a tiny wisp of a brown baby, the mother having improvised a cradle by knotting the four corners of a sarong and suspending it basket-like by a single cord from a stanchion. The elders take a great pride in their offspring and exhibit them gladly. One little tike gazes up into our faces with great innocent blue eyes and lisps some Malay baby talk from a toothless cavern entirely out of proportion with the rest of its anatomy. The parents of the little fellow

are seated close beside their offspring's hammock, and both admit freely the fact that the kidlet is their own. We casually remark its blue eyes, which query, instead of disconcerting either of the couple, rather amuses them. The girl shrugs her shoulders, but the man grins broadly and, with a chaffing look at his better half, remarks that they were employed for a long time as house servants by a white family in Singapore. This makes the matter clear as mud to us, and so we pass on.

Scattered around the various groups are piles of fruit—melons, mangos, papaya, several varieties of bananas, and a few durian, this latter fruit being one for which the average European has little use on account of its—well, to say the least—peculiar odor. There are many pets, too, for the Malays are fond of birds and monkeys or in fact any living thing which can be tamed enough to handle. Taken as a whole the after deck presents a bizarre spectacle, a sight to be long remembered, especially just at the moment, for a devout Mohammedan, with splendid disregard of his surroundings and of our alien

The Javanese quartermaster on duty, at the wheel

Most of them are Malays

To our surprise, each of these contains a brown baby

The girl shrugs her shoulders

observation, rises and, without self-consciousness or preamble, turns his head to Mecca and recites his verses from the Koran, making prayer to Allah audibly.

We leave the deck with our emotions strangely stirred. In our minds there comes the thought:

> The creeds that different sects do preach,
> One lesson all endeavor they to teach,
> So why pick one, within which thou wilt dwell?
> Within thyself lies heaven—and lies hell!

But in the background of our consciousness looms the parable of the Pharisees, and our altruistic reflections, in the face of many things of present interest, become lost for the moment, though we promise ourselves mentally to add that particular thing up later. There will be many things over which to ponder, is the thought which comes to us; in every quarter—nay, in each quarter of the quarters—of this globe of ours, a different code—of morals, of creed, of life itself, each sufficient unto the executors thereof, each good as they see good, yet condemned by all the others, who keep to the center of their roadways, looking neither right nor left, never rambling atop the

bank, scarcely higher than their heads, which screens the roads paralleling their own from view.

It is sunset. The sea as we view it from the upper deck is oily calm. No living thing is visible over its vast expanse. After leaning over the rail, each wrapped in his own reflections for the nonce, we hear the dressing gong boom its sonorous call and turn languidly to go to our baths and clean linen. Funny how a little thing can set one's mind churning, is n't it?

The dinner hour passes. After it we accept the offer of the chief engineer to trounce us at chess, which he does with great despatch. He has what to us is a new trick, that of presenting us with a bishop after the fifth move, then, when we least expect it, announcing in a tragic tone of voice, "Mate!" so softly that it can be heard down in the engine-room! After two hours of futile skirmishing back and forth across the board we give the thing up as impossible, he evidently from boredom, as he does not press us to continue. To recompense us for the trimming we received at his hands he relates to us some

interesting experiences. He has worked for the Paketvaart a long time, he tells us, and in the course of numberless voyages has seen and lived some things which to the new-comer in the Indies might engender some qualms of conscience.

He is well along in the forties, quite well we should say, and his once jet hair is becoming streaked with silver, especially around the temples and ears. He is something of a wag, too, and eyes us slyly as he drops certain little remarks, just as though he is not quite sure of our attitude on some things and wishes to test us out before—well—putting his foot in it. Strange as it may seem, it appears to us that, of all the steamer men whom it is our good fortune to meet, the engineers furnish us with the most laughs and, too, most food for thought.

"It happened in Bandjermasin," says the chief, "right where this mess of scrap-iron is headed for"—this with a sidelong glance to see if Captain Kramer is near, for that worthy takes a just pride in the *Schouten*. "A few of us from the ship—three if I remember correctly—went out to see the town and get some native women

to dance for us. We rambled through the 'district' without seeing anything startling; everything seemed to be quieter than usual, and I could n't figure out where everybody was. There were a couple of slim maidens in particular that were accounted at that time as the prettiest in town. They were about nineteen or so, and some said they were sisters, though I never believed that, for I had come to know them pretty well, making the port regularly for about three years. That pair were some light on their feet and were mighty good looking for Malay girls. Skin like full cream with a touch of coffee to give it warmth; graceful and good natured too; never got cross like most of them. The name of the one I liked the best, the smaller of the two, was Plangi, which is Malay for rainbow, but the first time I saw her dance I nicknamed her Gempa Ketchil, which name fitted her so well that it stuck to her, though they shortened it to Gempa after a time." Anticipating our questions as to the meaning of her nickname, the chief informs us: "Little Earthquake, and she certainly lived up to the name every time she danced. Where

she learned that dance no one knows, but it was calculated to make the most blasé old-timer sit right up straight in his rattan chair and forget the heat. Well, we were out to locate Gempa and her dancing partner, so we rambled on till we got entirely out of the district and over into a respectable neighborhood where some of the well-to-do Malay traders live, and we began to hear drums and a *gamelan* going like there were some festivities in progress.

"Pretty soon we turned into a narrow street where a merry sight presented itself. The street had been canopied with rugs and awnings hung from house-front to house-front until it was entirely roofed over, and the pavement was covered with carpets and Indian rugs like the inside of a house. It was thronged with people. All of them were native, mostly Malays, a few Sea Dyaks of the better class, and possibly a dozen or two Chinese 'toko' keepers, who on account of their business relations were invited to the party. It was a native wedding, and I blessed our luck, for you can always be sure of a grand old time at one of their hitching ceremonies. To

help out the little one-horse light-plant that supplies the town just about half enough juice, they had a hundred or so lanterns and racks of bottles with their necks knocked off and filled with oil serving as lights, too. You know, piece of wicking stuck into the bottle and left hanging over the side, blazing like mad and making as much smoke as light, but adding a queer touch to the lighting scheme. Every now and then a bottle gets too hot and cracks all to pieces, and some one has to quit the party for a while and get his hands all sooted up putting out the fire and throwing the smoldering wick away: but in the main the bottles hold together pretty well.

"Everybody in the crowd is in a fair way to get drunk. The liquor is circulating pretty freely, and because it 's free nobody wants to miss a chance at it. The *gamelan* is located at the upper end of the street, which, being a blind one and only about a hundred yards long, just makes a fair-size ball-room. From the volume of sound coming from the *gamelan* booth, I decided that they must have about a hundred gongs in it and close on to a dozen players. They were

good, too, and it sounded like a giant marimba-phone, though a trifle too metallic for that. We stopped at the entrance to the street to look on for a moment, when one of the Malays spied us, and of course there was nothing to it but that we should come in. They did n't have to drag us at that, and soon we were in the middle of the thing. One of the boys that was with me never could stand much in the way of drink, and it was n't long before the stuff they poured into him went to his head. Then he decided that he was going to lead the *gamelan,* and he climbed over the palm-decorated railing that they had fenced the musicians in with, and took the leader's padded mallet away from him and started in. He made a go of it, too, though I don't know where he picked it up. Maybe the others did n't pay any attention to him.

"Around us was a mob of chattering natives, all laughing and gossiping, waiting for the real festivities to commence. They got chairs for us and set a bottle of arrack down beside each of us, wanting us to feel right at home. Pretty soon the leader of the tin-pan orchestra got tired of

letting our shipmate do all the work and after a little argument convinced him that his place was in the audience, so he came over and sat down beside his bottle. Then things began to warm up slightly. Some one shouted something in a dialect that I did n't quite catch, but everybody backed away from the center of the street and a lot of men and girls trooped out of one of the houses and formed themselves in a hollow square and got ready to dance. They chanted as they danced. With the arrack, lights, and the fancy-colored garments, it was a pretty sight.

"After about ten minutes of this, during which time they did a sort of ring-around-the-rosy and all hands round thing, a couple came slowly out of another house and walked to the center of the circle, which opened up to let them in. It was the couple that was going to get married. You can imagine my surprise when I saw who the girl was. It was Little Earthquake.

"Somehow,—I guess it was the liquor,—I forgot where I was for the moment and jumped up and went over to her. She smiled when I called her name, and that must have been the thing that

did it, because I grabbed her and gave her a kiss. She did n't like that, and her hubby-to-be did n't either; but some friendly persons told her man that I was just feeling good, and he let it go at that. They pushed me back to my chair and gave me a tumbler full of liquid fire, and my mates held me down so that the wedding could go on. Well, she and her man take the middle of the stage then and start a slow sinuous dance, arms twisting like snakes, till some of the crowd get excited and start calling to Little Earthquake to give them the old stuff. I could see by her eyes that she was about to cut loose, so I yelled at her, 'Kasih menari,' meaning give us the love-dance, and everybody backed me up like rooters following a cheer-leader. Well, right then and there Gemba's hips began to twitch, and her eyes to burn like great pools of liquid love.

"Her man made a move as though to stop her, but his friends grabbed him and pulled him away, and everybody fell back to give her room. Dance! I never saw a human woman dance like Little Earthquake did that night. It was—

well, you can't imagine what all. The crowd went wild, and the more they howled the wilder she danced, until her twisting, rolling, quivering body seemed to express every passion that the human mind is tortured with. There was the slow sinuous grace of the panther that leaped into a great burst of burning, all-consuming fire, that swayed this way and that, searing the soul, twisting in anguished pleasure, to die down to glowing, heat-diffusing embers that sprang alight again as though the applause was a draft that fanned into the furnace new life.

"It was too violent to last. Little Earthquake sank to her knees and fell upon the rug in a heap, her whole body palpitating with exhaustion. A dozen girls jumped to catch her and lifted her up and carried her into the house. Like a fool, I got to my feet and started in, too, when some one yelled 'Look out!' and I turned just in time to miss being a scabbard for as nice a ten-inch creese as you would ever want to see. It was my friend the bridegroom trying to even things up for the part I had played in the ceremony, and things looked ugly.

"He raised his arm to strike again, and I grabbed his wrist just as he started that wavy-bladed knife at me again. One twist, and it flew to the ground five feet away, and I gave him my knee in the pit of the stomach to make him listen to reason. His friends dragged him off, while several of the Chinamen and my mates jerked me down to the end of the street to get me away. I was getting my mad up by that time and tried to argue, but, with one husky mate on each side of me, it was no use. I had to go back to the ship. That 's about all there is to it, but if you ask them on shore about the night that Little Earthquake put on the big dance, they 'll all grin and say, *'Bagoose,'* which is their way of stating that it was 'some party.' "

The chiming of the ship's bell warns us of the lateness of the hour. To-morrow is another day, and so, as the engineer rises to say good night, we get up also. We wonder if we shall ever see a dance enacted by another Little Earthquake that will stick in our memories as did hers in the mind of the chief on the memorable night of her wedding.

CHAPTER III

BORNEO!

IT is the evening of the third day out of Singapore. The night is inky dark. There is no moon, and the sky is so overcast that the stars are blotted out. We are a-tiptoe with expectancy, leaning over the rail on the forward end of the promenade deck, straining our eyes into the blackness, vainly endeavoring to glimpse some light or other sign of the island. At this we have no luck. We happen to be standing near the foot of the stairway leading to the bridge, and the steady pacing of the officer on duty there stops for the moment and a conversation ensues above us, but, though unintelligible to us on account of the distance, we recognize the captain's voice. We never invade the sacred precincts of the bridge unless he is present for fear of causing trouble for the under-officers, because of their allowing an infraction of

the rules. Of course if the captain allows us there, it is his own business, he being the lord of all he surveys when on his own ship.

Now that we know him to be there, we mount the steps and walk over to where his portly figure is draped over the heavy bridge railing, scanning the ebon distance through binoculars. To our query, "Whatcha lookin' for, Captain?" he replies somewhat disgustedly: "That damned Borneo. I hope I have n't missed it." We burst into laughter at his sally, for we figure for ourselves that missing an island eight hundred and thirty miles long would be some feat in itself. But, as we give the matter thought and stop to consider that we have been out of sight of land for two days, and expect to enter a narrow river mouth in pitch blackness, it occurs to us that, in the total absence of any navigation lights whatsoever, hitting the river channel plumb center is some navigating and is just cause for the captain's anxiety. Our next question he answers surprisingly.

"How far are we from the island?"

"We will enter the river mouth in less than

a minute," he replies. At this we gaze into the night with eyes almost popping from our heads. There is absolutely nothing there to tell us that land is only a hundred yards or so away. There is no deeper shadow in the darkness to tell us where the dense growing trees must be. Nothing! We shake our heads in wonder. An infinitesimal error in his daily calculations and the ship is literally on the rocks!

A glance to our left shows the dial of the engine telegraph. The pointer stands at full speed. We are making about fourteen knots! The captain looks at us with just pride. He carries the air of a man that thoroughly knows his business.

"I always enter here at night," he remarks, "and I 'm the only skipper in the Paketvaart that navigates this river at night."

Our respect for the captain is enhanced at this moment. If such a thing is possible. Piloting an automobile without lights on a moon-lighted road is careful work, but this "takes the cake," so to speak.

To our dismay we find that he intends to dock

at Bandjermasin that night, for he says that the passage up the Barito River will take only two hours, and the trip up the very winding Martapoera thirty minutes. We make audible comment on this and mention that we would like to have seen the river in daylight, at which he knits his brow in thought for a moment, then remarks, "Can you get out of bed at daylight?"

"You bet we can," is our instantaneous reply.

"Well, I 'll stop her for you, but no delay in the morning, mind you. As soon as it 's light enough for you to see the banks, we sail."

With the word, he grasps the telegraph handle and signals, "Stop," while at a quiet word the officer standing nearby goes below. A few moments pass in silence. The throbbing of the screws has ceased. Then the hoarse rumble of the anchor chains shatters the ebon aphony and the hook is dropped.

"There you are, and consider yourselves lucky, too. I 'm going to get some sleep," with which observation the captain says good night, and enters the chart-room door. We look at each other with a grin. It was indeed a privilege.

"He stopped the ship just for us," is the thought that passes our lips at the same moment.

"Well, look who we are," says one of us, drawing up in mock hauteur. At this we both laugh heartily and, after agreeing that the captain is a brick, we dive below stairs and turn in. Daybreak occurs at an outrageously early hour.

Eight bells! Four o'clock in the morning! Just when one is getting his beauty-sleep! One of the ship's numerous *Jongeses* is standing in the cabin door repeating the word *"Tuan"* in a timorous crescendo. Evidently he began with a whisper, for we hear him repeat the call of "Sir" in his native tongue, each time louder and in higher key, until it dawns upon our sleep-befuddled brains that he is addressing us. Then we awaken suddenly, and sit bolt upright, stifle a yawn or two, and reply, *"Trima kasih, Jonges,"* and, with the word of thanks for calling us, bounce from the berths and get into slippers and dressing-gowns. Thus arrayed, we hurry on deck in fear of having overslept and missed something.

A Mohammedan passenger

On one canoe landing is a woman washing clothes in the Malay fashion

We proceed toward the drawbridge

Some of these are "one-man" floating restaurants

They are just hauling up the anchor. The banks of the river are visible to us as dark masses against a blue-black sky. Dawn is coming soon, for there is a glow in the east. We dash back to the cabins and dress in precipitous haste. When we return to the bridge, we find the captain there, looking as though he had stepped out of a bandbox—shaved 'n' everything! He greets us cheerily, seeming pleased that we are on time. Shall we ever forget this sunrise? Never, it is so different. First of all, the slaty shadows on the water seem to lighten; then the east, the whole east, becomes a soft salmon that turns slowly to orange, fading almost instantly to gray. Then it is daylight. The mists of the early morning shroud everything, and the trees loom like arboreal wraiths on either bank. Faint chatterings come to us from the thickets, but no sign of life is visible. The jungle seems to drip moisture and somnolence. Stealing along like the fabled *Flying Dutchman* comes a two-masted schooner that passes silently, gray in the heavy mist like a phantom of a ship, the ripple of her cutwater inaudible even at the short

berth she gives us. Only one dim figure is visible on her deck. The steersman is at his post; otherwise her decks seem deserted. For some time there is no sign of human habitation on the river banks, but after the first hour passes we begin to see little clumps of dwellings from which smoke lifts lazily and spreads out like a filmy blanket among the tree-tops. Here and there a moving figure pauses and peers in our direction, sometimes calling to those within the houses to tell them that the weekly *Kapal* is on her way up river. Then the doorways of the houses frame clusters of naked youngsters who gaze at the vessel in evident wonder.

On one little canoe landing, scarcely a foot above the water's edge, is a woman who is busily engaged in washing clothes, sousing them up and down in the water, laying them out upon the timbers that form the landing, and soaping them thoroughly, then, after wadding them into a compact ball, throwing them down forcibly, literally knocking the dirt out of them. This is the regular laundering procedure here in Borneo, and later we shall come to know that it is

really an excellent way of washing. Twelve hard bounces and two or three rinsings and a pair of B. V. D.'s have, to all appearances, visited Yat Fong's washery on Main Street.

We scan the banks in vain for some evidences of crocodiles, but see none. Later the captain informs us that they are further up river, which assurance is most welcome, for we are eager to get a shot or two at some. The Martapoera, he tells us, is a good stream for them. Shortly after six we enter that stream and come to marvel that a ship of the size of ours can make the narrow turns that necessitate bringing the ship's stern so close to the bank that overhanging trees brush the railings. Now we begin to pass villages, and it seems as though everybody is up and doing, for many natives are about and seem to be glad to see us, for they wave their hands and call in welcome to us. Many proas or native canoes dot the water as we near the town. These are graceful craft with high bows and sterns, some of them being beautifully carved and decorated. Each of them has a substantial shelter, built upon its after half to pro-

tect the passenger from the broiling sun. They glide to and fro, reminding one instantly of the gondolas of Venice, which they very closely resemble.

We round a bend, and the town of Bandjermasin comes suddenly to view. It is not at all as we pictured it. There are some large corrugated-iron "godowns" or warehouses fronting on the river; a long and rather narrow wharf on which there swarm coolies who wheel bags of copra and other produce of the place to great stacks of similar material; white-clothed Europeans, mostly Dutchmen in the government service; and a general bustling activity that gives one the impression that here is an exceedingly busy little port. Myriad small water-craft dart to and fro; and the petty traders, canoes burdened with curios and souvenirs, surround the steamer, scanning the rails, hoping to unload at fabulous prices the knickknacks they have for sale.

The town proper is a little further down and is not visible from the steamer deck. Landing is soon accomplished. Our heavy equipment is

hustled into the customs warehouse and neatly stacked to await our arrival and declarations regarding our dutiable articles. Leaving Sam to stand watch over our hand-baggage, we immediately set out for the main part of town, our intentions being first to secure accommodations at the Hotel Bandjer and then see the "resident." A walk of about five minutes brings us to the hotel, which fronts upon the river. It is a low rambling collection of additions to what was once the original structure, grounds filled with shrubbery and potted plants, and, permeating the whole establishment, an air of genteel shabbiness which gives one the impression that it had seen better days. We are greeted by a young lady, evidently the daughter of the proprietor, who begs our indulgence for a moment while she locates her father, who will, she says, be glad to arrange rooms for us. While we are waiting his coming, we size the place up and decide that we can be very comfortable here. Native servants are busily engaged at their tasks about the place and one of them, the *mandor,* approaches us and inquires if we desire our baggage brought

to the hotel. He is interrupted by his employer, who comes up the veranda steps ponderously.

He is an extremely portly individual of protuberant mezzanine and displacement that can't be tampered with. His command of English is about on a par with ours of Dutch, but we hit upon the happy expedient of Malay and get along swimmingly. He takes us to a *bilek* (room) and proudly shows us its conveniences. The *bilek mandi,* or bath-room, is quite handy, while the bedroom itself is sumptuously furnished, for is there not a wash-stand and large earthen washbowl and pitcher, a rocking-chair, a four-legged table with one leg amputated at the hip,—braced against the wall and really sufficiently stable,—and a bed? The bed! It reminds us of the vast expanse of a snowy-white alkali desert, positively the largest one we have ever seen.

Visions of luxuriating upon that cool surface, limbs cast playfully about, unrestrained by a hard sideboard as we were in the bunks up on the ship, flit through our minds. The torrid nights will hold no terrors for us now. Over it there

hangs a *klambu* or mosquito-net that, when dropped tentwise over this ample throne of Morpheus, incloses a space almost the size of a hall bedroom. The ceiling of the room is high, at least fifteen feet, and on it we are not so pleased to see numerous chick-chacks darting to and fro, The presence of many of these little lizards tells us that within this room at least there is good hunting, for they live upon mosquitos and other small insect pests.

There is one similar room on the opposite side of the house, our host informs us. These two are the only vacant rooms he has, and will they suffice? In view of the fact that these are the only accommodations the town seems to afford, we agree that they will—admirably—and request that our luggage be brought up from the dock at his earliest convenience. This, he says, will be done immediately, and we leave our new quarters to go to the resident's office to arrange for the loan of the government steamer to the head of navigation of the Barito, and to secure clearance papers for our camping equipment. The kindly Dutch official makes us welcome, and we feel at

home immediately. The mere mention of our desires suffices, and he despatches one of his aides by bicycle to see that the custom men clear our many cases immediately. That our interior trip may be fruitful, he says he will send word by runner to all of the tribes in the interior. Also, he will write to his *controlleurs,* or police captains, in the jungle forts, of our coming, that we may be properly received. Though this is steamer day and in consequence he is very busy with his mail, he spends an hour in a chat with us, asking us the latest news from "outside," and we promise to bring to him the newspapers we received only a few days ago from home. These he seems overjoyed to have at hand, and later we send him some magazines—little gifts that mean a great deal to the official, shut off as he is from the active outer world. Nowhere in our wanderings do we find finer hospitality than that extended by these cultivated Dutchmen, who invariably will put themselves out to make our visits in their various "residencies" the most happy of memories.

The resident has promised us the use of the

Voorwaarts, the little armored stern-wheel gunboat which polices the Barito, saying, however, that it is now up river and that we must take the other steamer, the *Negara,* on the morrow, stop at Mooro Tewe, and await the return of the *Voorwaarts,* which from then on will be at our disposal. This exactly fits in with our fondest hopes: a day in Bandjermasin in which to see the town and then up river to the closed jungle where the head-hunters hold forth. After the usual tiffin of rice-taffle, we journey forth to ramble through interesting portions of the community. Here the native life is very similar to that of Singapore and Java, but on the Kueen River, a tributary of the Barito, we find a mode of living that is new to us.

We engage a proa at the landing in front of the hotel and proceed toward the drawbridge of which we have heard much mention during our conversations relative to points of interest about town. We are not long in coming to it, and, instead of the somewhat pretentious structure we half expected to see, find a small but serviceable jack-knife affair, which, however, is no doubt a

boon to the residents of the place, for without it the waterway would have to be crossed in boats, as a permanent roadway across the river would be impossible on account of the river traffic.

On either side of the stream are countless native craft engaged in various activities. Some of these are floating restaurants which glide up alongside other craft and serve hot viands to hungry customers, who are thus saved the time and trouble of seeking a lunch-counter when otherwise engaged. Soon all sight of the river banks is lost, for countless boating stores or *tokos,* each seemingly trying to shoulder its neighbor out of the way, aline themselves in interminable columns on both sides of the stream. Here we find on sale every commodity useful to the native. We are attracted by one store on the porch of which we see displayed great hemispherical articles like inverted baskets, gaily colored and glistening with varnish. Telling our paddlers to take us there, we find to our surprise that this is a millinery establishment showing the latest creations in Bornean ladies' head-gear. The hats are monstrous—at least

in size—and of the most gaudy colors. They are made of pandanus leaves carefully stitched together, quite thick, some of them being almost a quarter of an inch in thickness at the brim, but surprisingly light in weight. It is our good fortune that a customer arrives in a river "taxi" as we are examining the stock, and we very interestedly watch her select one that becomes her. Of course to us they all look the same except as regards color, but the discriminating eye of the woman sees things which in our masculine ignorance we pass up. A moment later she graciously poses for us, and we get her picture, topped with her latest acquisition, the hat.

We continue our trip up the picturesque stream, seeing on every hand novel sights, things which have not come to our notice elsewhere. Naked kiddies disporting themselves beside the floating stores make the air resound with their happy cries and chatter, and itinerant peddlers accost us, asking us to view their wares, which consist of everything from cheap calico prints sold here by the *ela,* which is the Malay yard, to pottery stoves in which charcoal is burned,

similar to the earthen fire-pots of the Chinese. One canoe, much to our surprise, carries an optical lay-out—spectacles of all descriptions, which the customer tries on, one after the other, until a pair is found which seems to help his vision. The natives have a penchant for blue glasses, and many of this description are purchased with the current Dutch money, to be later discarded when the novelty of possession is worn off.

After an hour's ride, we finally pass the business section of this street-like waterway to the densely populated shore districts, where the bamboo and palm-leaf houses nestle beneath tall trees like the houses of a gnome-like people, so diminutive do the dwellings seem in contrast to the height of the trees.

When we ask our boatmen to take us to another point of interest they nod assent and tell us they will take us to Pulau Munyit, or monkey island. This, they tell us, is a small island in the main stream, whereon live thousands of monkeys, where barren women go to pass a certain time that they may acquire some of the prolific fertility of the monkeys that live there.

These visits are always the occasion of gifts to the monkeys of various fruits, bananas and papaya, great effort being made by the woman desiring a child to feed the old male monkeys who seem to have the largest families. This is indeed a place of interest, and we urge the men to take us there in haste. They accordingly bend to their paddles, stopping only once to arrange the side curtains of the proa when a passing rain squall threatens. While this is being done, the rain descends in torrents but does not inconvenience us any more than it does an old lone fisherman, who merely covers his shoulders with a piece of plaid cloth tucked under his straw hat and proceeds with his angling, probably pleased with the turn in the weather as being conducive to better luck.

Soon we are on our way again and in about three quarters of an hour land upon a rickety stage which reaches from the river bank to a long platform built on stilts that spans the low-lying shore of tidal mud. Fortunately our men have some bananas in the boat, and so we are provided with food with which to appease the

appetites of the monkeys. We step into a little thatched inclosure built upon the platform, and one of the men calls loudly. A moment passes in silence. Then, seemingly from all directions in the thick-growing verdure, a crashing, thrashing noise comes to us, and a moment later the low, stunted tree-tops become alive with hundreds of swift-moving forms. The tree-tops bend and sway as though beset by a gale of wind. The chattering cries of the animals, as they leap from branch to branch, is a babel of noise that defies description.

They come out in the open a little timorously at first, but upon seeing the food slowly climb upon projecting roots and stumps about the platform, and some of the more daring of them even venture upon it. Among them are whole families, old gray-headed patriarchs with protuberant tusks, grandmothers and mothers, some of which carry in their arms tiny baby monks that seem to be all eyes and head; little girl and boy monkeys of tender age who elude watchful mothers, fearful that the youngsters will approach too close to us. After a time they gain

sufficient confidence to surround us on all sides, but they are ready at an instant's notice to flee to a safe distance. They snatch the pieces of bananas from our hands with a sharp cluck of pleasure and run to a place of safety to eat it, at the same time keeping a wary eye upon their fellows, who will if possible rob the weaker ones of the fruit.

After a time, when the bananas are gone, they all return to the shelter of the thickets, and, because there is nothing more of interest on the island, we return to the boat and hurry back to town. The sky is becoming overcast and the afternoon is gone. We return to the hotel, well satisfied with our first day in Borneo. To-night, if the weather permits, we will take another canoe trip on the river before going to bed, for the boatmen say that the river at night with its gaily lighted water-craft is indescribably beautiful. They promise to bring musicians to play for us, suggesting that we may lie upon the polished bamboo mat under the thatched canopy and sleep the whole night through if we so desire, while they paddle around the silent river. This we

promise ourselves to do, later if not at present, for the idea seems a good one.

It is quite dark when we finally get back to the hotel landing, and we rise, somewhat cramped from the unaccustomed straight-legged position necessary in the proa, to hasten to the *bilek mandi* for our bath.

Bathing in Borneo is a similar procedure to that in Java, we find. In the bath-room are great stone jars filled with water, with which one drenches himself from head to foot, using for the purpose a tin dipper with a handle fastened across its open mouth by two nails driven through the tin. One wets himself thoroughly, lathers from head to foot, and finally sluices down again, and the bath is complete. It is quick and exhilarating. The waste water falls through the wooden grid upon which he stands, to run away to the gutter, which drains the whole hotel establishment into the river.

With the passing of the dinner-hour, we decide that the weather is too threatening to venture upon the river, and so, after a short walk about town, we return to the hotel and turn in. Upon

We are attracted by a millinery establishment

Graciously poses for her picture

The rain descends upon the river

And proceeds with his angling

the veranda of each of the rooms is a gasolene mantle lamp which is apparently fed from some central source of supply, and the one outside my doorway evidently decides that sleep is a bad thing for me, for the moment I enter the room it moans a little, then, after a tentative stuttering whistle, sings away merrily. I defer lighting the oil lamp on my crippled table and hasten to the porch, trying, as I go there, to remember what I learned about the resonance of a column of heated air, when I periodically crammed just enough book-lore to keep me on the track-team.

After subduing the high E to a minor somewhere in the lower clef, I return to the room, light the lamp, and survey my domain. The *klambu* has been dropped around the bed that the nocturnal pests, the mosquitos, may be cheated of a series of full meals at my expense. The bed, however, looks inviting, and I test its temperament speculatively by pressing my hand upon it. The first trial is not so good, and so I try another portion of its surface with similar results. For some unaccountable reason, it seems to have an unyielding streak in its make-

up, almost adamantine one might say, and I unconsciously voice my opinion audibly, which however does not in the slightest disturb its placid stolidity.

CHAPTER IV

UP THE BARITO

WE rise, eat an early breakfast, and at eight walk down the graveled pathway to the proa landing, from which we are paddled to the steamer dock, where the stern-wheeler, the *Negara,* is awaiting us. Sam has seen the equipment transferred from the custom house, and with it on board all is in readiness for the long trip up river, two hundred and eighty-five miles, to Poeroek Tajoe, the last fort upon the waterway.

Owing to some slight delay in loading government supplies consigned to the captain of the fort, the lines are not cast off until a little after nine thirty. As we pull away from the landing the town fades away into gray morning mist, that steaming, humid, all enveloping curtain that shrouds the southern coast of Borneo in the rainy season. The rain dispels the mists which

spring up, however, almost the moment the downpour ceases. The opposite side of the stream is lost in this Bornean vapor-bath the whole day, and the jungle lining our side of the stream (because of the strong current we hug alternate sides of the Barito), usually the scene of mad rompings of its simian population, is still. Evidently this outdoor steam-room has the same effect upon them as upon us. We begin to feel the enervating effect of the humidity and lazily loll around the deck or listen to the captain's phonograph for lack of something more interesting.

Just at the time of day when it is twilight at home, the rain that has threatened all day comes down in solid sheets, obliterating all landmarks from view, and the pilot, a cautious chap, swings the nose of the craft toward the right bank and finally brings her to a stop beside the long-house of some Dyaks who, so the captain says, have become civilized. Here there is a small rickety wharf built of flimsy piling which leans in a friendly way toward us. As the crew tie the steamer to it, we are greeted cordially by mem-

bers of the household who gather around the doorway and scan us interestedly. They are all dressed in nondescript European clothing, though one of the older men, who tries to keep out of sight behind the rest, apparently wears only a breech-clout. One incident occurs which gives to us an idea of the native love for the wild things that share the land with them. A stork, or *bango,* as they call it, has become so drenched in the torrential downpour that he was unable to fly and settled in the river helplessly. One of the younger men of the household, noticing the poor bird's plight, goes to its rescue and with a long pole of bamboo pulls it within arm's-reach and carries it up to the shelter of the veranda. He places the bedraggled thing near the pottery stove around which a group of children and girls are huddled, the older ones making a place instantly for the water-soaked newcomer. All are much concerned at the plight of the *bango* and seem anxious that it be taken care of. It seems to know that it has nothing to fear and, though resenting any attempt to smooth its ruffled feathers, makes itself quite at home.

The warmth of the stove revives it to such an extent that it lifts first one wing, then the other, so that the under surfaces of each will be dried. After a while its feathers have become partially dry, and it rises upon its long yellow legs and stalks majestically to the doorway, where, just under the protection of the thatched roof, it again settles down to preen itself in utter disregard of its benefactors. One of the men approaches it, intending to descend the notched tree trunk that serves the household as a stairway. Evidently the *bango* thinks this to be an unwarranted intrusion on its privacy and so, as a reminder that it wishes to be left alone, pecks the bare foot of the Dyak viciously. The unsuspecting native jumps aside in surprise and, losing his balance, tumbles down the slippery stairway, much to the delight of his fellows on the veranda. All seemed to regard the matter as a huge joke, and the man himself goes away into the driving rain laughing. Shortly afterward the rain subsides, and the *bango,* eager to be off to its jungle haunts, rises and, after looking around and uttering a few hoarse cries of thank-you or farewell,

raises its wings and laboriously flies away. The natives watch it go without the slightest desire to keep it among them. To them, it is only one of their jungle friends in need of shelter, welcome to share their hospitality, free to leave when the notion strikes it. It is a lesson in kindness, and the thought comes to us that these Mohammedans have many admirable traits about them, even if they do, upon occasion, adorn their roof-trees with the ghastly heads of fallen enemies.

Night shuts down like an impenetrable black void in which there is not the slightest sound. The river is deep flowing, and still. There is not the faintest breath of air. No jungle sounds drift to us. After dinner the crew spread their bamboo mats and fall asleep. The journey will be resumed at daybreak, the captain tells us as he passes to "turn in." Before doing so, however, he summons one of the serving boys from his slumbers and tells him to bring a plate of sandwiches that we may have a snack, as it is our intention to sit up till late, reading and catching up our diaries.

Morning dawns with the landscape swathed in

the heavy haze, but things become more interesting. Monkeys crash from limb to limb in the tree-tops or come down to the water's edge to scold at us, and bright-plumaged birds call raucously as they fly about the thickets. The river now becomes almost choked with floating aquatic plants, water hyacinths, which, however, do not seriously impede navigation. Some of these great masses are in full bloom, and their delicate lavender flowers glisten as though sprinkled with sparkling diamond dust because of mist globules condensed upon them. The river seems to be full of fish, for from time to time they leap out of the brown water with loud splashings, and every now and then we come to groups of semi-nude bronzed fishermen casting circular nets in the open spaces between the hyacinths.

Because the river from now on is reputed to be full of crocodiles, we have posted Sam near the rail to keep a lookout for the reptiles, and soon he shouts, *"Tuan, liat ka mooka booayah!"* Sure enough, there, basking on the muddy bank not a hundred yards away, is a monster "croc,"

mouth wide open, sound asleep. We quickly seize our rifles, and one of them speaks sharply. The croc leaps into thrashing activity, flailing the air with tremendous sweeps of its heavy tail, then slides into the muddy water and sinks out of sight. The boat carries us on, but we are sure we hit him. He will die from the infection that will soon be present in the wound, if the bullet does not end his life immediately. The crew of the steamer chatter excitedly and seem very glad that one more of these monsters is put out of the way, for every day some one, some child paddling around in the water while at play, is eaten by the ever-hungry crocodiles. As the day progresses, we see dozens, sometimes three or four at a time, and the air reverberates with the reports of the high-power rifles that, with each bark, snuff out the life of one of these man-eaters. Once we were fortunate enough to see one trapped. The captain calls our attention to a bundle of something hanging by a stout rattan from the trunk of a tree which overhangs the river. Even as we look, a long black snout rises from the water and seizes the bundle.

There is a momentary stillness; then the water around the spot from which the head of the croc lifted is thrashed into a frothy maelstrom, as the reptile realizes he is caught. The bundle was the poor carcass of a monkey, spitted on a stick, both ends of which are sharpened. The croc has swallowed the bait, stick and all, and is now securely hooked, for the points of the stick become imbedded in his innards so that he cannot disgorge what he thought was going to be an easy meal.

This method of capturing the crocodiles, the captain says, is the native way of exacting vengeance. Some member of a tribe resident in the vicinity has been eaten by one of the reptiles, and, in order that they may retaliate, they have prepared the trap. When the croc is exhausted with his struggles and they discover that he is trapped, they will draw him out upon the bank and cut him open in the hope of finding some evidence in his stomach that he was the one responsible for the death of their kinsman. Seeing our interest in the matter, the captain relates for our benefit some of the native beliefs regard-

ing crocodiles, and their reasons for not making general war upon them.

He tells us the crocodile is an omen beast, and that according to the beliefs of some of the tribes a great number of the reptiles congregated in one place portends the invasion of the district by enemies, who intend making war upon the people living there. The crocodiles are regarded by most of the natives as sacred, having the power of becoming human, and, on the other hand, it is believed that the souls of deceased humans often take up residence in the body of a crocodile. This, it would seem, is founded more or less on fact, in view of the many that yearly succumb to the voracious appetites of the reptiles. It is usually only upon the death of some member of the tribe from this cause that vengeance is claimed, for the native seems to regard the crocodiles in his immediate district as his friends and in consequence feels himself immune despite repeated lessons to the contrary. There also exists between some of the natives and the crocodiles a mythical blood-brotherhood, by virtue of which those who claim brotherhood are reputed to be

absolutely immune from danger. This is a matter of firm belief among many of the tribes, the members of which, claiming the brotherhood, bathe with impunity in crocodile-infested streams, apparently without fear. They carve images of the crocodiles from ironwood, which adorn the sacred places where they make offerings to the jungle spirits. A few of the tribes, the captain avers, do not trap the crocs, but, upon the death of one of their kinsmen, assume that a reptile from some other district has been visitant in their domain, and forthwith set out, armed with long spears, to kill him. They patrol the waters in the immediate vicinity of the place their relative disappeared and prod the river bottom, calling at the same time for the culprit to come up and take his medicine, for they will surely kill him. Owing to the fact that the reptiles almost invariably fasten their victims to the river bottom by some unknown method, this prodding sometimes results in dislodging the body, and it is recovered by the grieving relatives. When this occurs they bury the lacerated unfortunate with great ceremony

and then again repair to the river, continuing the hunt until they succeed in killing one of the reptiles. It is peculiar, our informant says, that of all the tribes living on the island only one is ever guilty of eating the flesh of the crocodile. These are the Muruts, who entertain no superstitions regarding the reptiles but hunt them upon occasion for food.

The jungle landscape glides by without change throughout the day; nothing relieves its droopy monotony. The birds scream; the monkeys chatter; the guns bark now and then; an occasional native canoe, bound down river to Bandjermasin, bobs up and down in the stern swell of our little steamer; but that is all. The country-side is flat, for the hilly regions lie further to the northward.

As night comes on and the lamps are lighted, there came myriads of long-legged green grasshoppers to liven our dinner. Soon we are engrossed in playing a new game,—that of "go bathe in my neighbor's soup,"—for the little pests seem to delight in landing in our food. When we attempt to shoo them away, they leap

to the nearest white object and invariably land in the middle of a plate from which one of us is eating. They come by thousands, and the crunching of them underfoot, as the boys that serve us move about, is unpleasant. The captain orders the removal of the lamps, and so, though the meal progresses in semi-darkness, the pest is somewhat mitigated. These swarms of locusts are common at this time of the year, the captain informs us, so covering the boat at times that there is scarcely a spot upon it that is not covered by them. As it is, there must be a hundred on our long table at this moment.

Before retiring we take a turn or two upon the tiny deck to stretch cramped limbs, and, while thus engaged, are surprised by an uproar from below. The crew and a few native passengers are there and seem to be wildly excited about something. Making our way hurriedly to the gangway, we gaze upon a group of struggling men whose lean brown bodies, naked to the waist, show but indistinctly in the yellow glow of the oil deck lamps. We leap down the stairs, for there is evidently some sort of fight taking place.

Brushing aside those who block our way, we endeavor to get at the combatants, but this seems impossible for there appears to be a concerted attempt on the part of the onlookers to prevent any interference by outsiders. We, however, decide that the fight must stop, for they are at each other with creeses, wavy-bladed knives, striking with a whole-souled abandon that is fast making the place a shambles. Neither seems to feel his hurts, so intent is he upon knifing his antagonist. Meanwhile, the rest of the natives cheer each stroke vociferously. Just as we make one more effort to get through the circle of fight-fans, a human tornado bursts from somewhere and with mighty flailing blows knocks the men at ring-side galley-west, striking flat each of the fighting men with a single blow of a bludgeon-like fist. The fight is over. The captain, pajama-clad and barefoot, has asserted his authority and taken the matter into his own hands. The crew scatter to their places and affect a great ignorance of the affair while the irate captain, with the help of his native first mate, examines the damaged pair, who glare sullenly at each other. One of

them is cut up rather badly but is stoically silent while his wounds are iodized and bandaged. After the other has been likewise served, both are locked in handcuffs, chained to stanchions on opposite sides of the boat, and left to the commiseration of their friends, who, though the captain has forbidden conversation with them, find opportunity when the mate is not looking to whisper condolences. They will be turned over to the police captain at Boeroek to-morrow morning, where we land to discharge cargo and take on passengers.

We pull away from the landing

The river becomes almost choked with water hyacinths

A native soldier stands on watch

We set up the cooking outfit

CHAPTER V

IN CENTRAL BORNEO

NOON of the fourth day brings us to Moero Tewe, a Malay *kampong*, where the Mohammedan mosque of the faithful rears its whitewashed cupola high above the squat thatched roofs of the dwellers of the place. Here, as in most other places in Borneo, the Christian faith has made but little headway among the natives, who prefer the freedom of the Mohammedan religion rather than the tithe-giving and demands that they change their mode of living imposed upon them by the Christian missionaries. The mosque is a bare structure, octagonal in floor-plan, rising about thirty feet to a roof, each section of which rises on an angle of forty-five degrees to a similarly eight-sided cupola in which cheap stained-glass windows, red, green, and blue in color, admit a soft light to

the windowless interior below. Inside, there is no ornamentation whatever, merely a large, bare eight-sided room, the only door to which stands open as a continual invitation to the worshipers of Allah to enter; but woe betide any "dog of an infidel" who ventures within its sacred precincts, for the fanatic followers of the Prophet would make it decidedly unpleasant for him, to say the least. An hour's ramble about the quiet little town suffices us, and we return to the *Negara* to see that Sam, with the aid of the crew, has got our *barang*, or luggage, off the *Negara* and transferred it to the *Voorwaarts,* which is fortunately awaiting us at the landing. She arrived sooner than was expected, and her captain, an Ambonese, has received the letters regarding us from the mail-sack of the *Negara.*

We no sooner come aboard than he orders the lines thrown off, and we swing out into the current which, as the river narrows between the cliffs of limestone, strains the engines of the tiny craft to keep her going forward. The landscape now becomes hilly in character, and in the distance to the north high peaks loom darkly

against the sky like gray mysterious barriers. Ofttimes the *Voorwaarts* proceeds crab-fashion for a distance, when the eddies make steering difficult, and a lookout is posted in the bow to warn the steersman of rocks, many of which lie just below the river surface, ready to pierce the bottom of the steamer. We take quarters on the upper deck where, standing beside the Nordenfelt quick-firing rifle in the wheel-house, a native soldier stands on watch. It is his duty to note any signs of disturbance on shore in the *kampongs* that we pass from time to time. It is in this way that the Dutch Government patrols the river and immediately quells any native outbreaks within its reach. The whole of the *Voorwaarts* is heavily armored as a protection against rifle-fire, though that, we are told, is only a remote possibility, as the natives are not allowed to have firearms. Nevertheless, those on the boat are prepared against it, for many rifles have been smuggled into the country, where they are hidden against the time they may be called into use. At two in the morning we round a bend and come to a stop in the bright

moonlight beneath the bluff upon which stands the fort of Poeroek Tajoe (pronounced Porok Tchow). This is our headquarters for the next week, and, though our landing will be delayed until six in the morning, we remain by the rail for another hour, drinking in the beauty of the scene about us. The shrill notes of a bugle rouse us shortly after dawn, and after a hasty breakfast we go ashore, leaving Sam as usual to see that our effects are properly cared for. We are somewhat surprised at the appearance of the town. Where we expected to find a tiny native village, we are confronted with a clean main street of cobbles, over which a layer of gravel has been tamped to a hard even surface, and there is an air of typical Dutch cleanliness about the place. Chinese *tokos* or traders' stores line the thoroughfare, and higher up the hill fronting on the river we see a whitewashed bungalow, in front of which stands the flagpole of the post. The roadway parallels the river, but we find a lane divergent from it, which we assume leads to the *controlleur's* residence. This assumption we find to be correct, for soon we enter the door-

yard of Captain Van Wijk, the local resident officer.

He greets us cordially, having read the letter forwarded to him regarding us, which was delivered immediately after the *Voorwaarts* docked. He is somewhat worried, however, over the matter of our quarters, as his own house is small and has no extra bedroom. There is a room down below, however, he says, that may be to our liking, and inasmuch as we have come to study the natives we may like it better than being up on the hill within the fortress grounds.

This suits us to a dot, we tell him, and he immediately takes us down there that we may inspect the place. He leads us to a large store-room, formerly the club-room of some Dutch army officers, who, after the big campaign of quelling the natives in that section was over, were transferred to other fields of action. The room is, we find, ideal for our purpose, and we send word for Sam to have our effects moved in without delay. The tables and other furniture, the captain says, we can stack along the wall, adding that within a very short time a new govern-

ment house, now in the course of construction, can be made ready for our occupancy. He leaves us to transact some official duty, promising to see us within the hour, and requests the pleasure of our company with him at tiffin—an invitation which we gladly accept.

While waiting for Sam to get the *barang* over from the steamer, we inspect the environs of our new quarters. On one side of us is the home of a Chinese family who have, it seems, intermarried with natives, and on the other are Malays who greet us in a very friendly manner. Opposite, on the other side of the street, is some sort of a meeting-house and other dwellings, including the store of a Malay metalworker who sits cross-legged on the tiny porch of his *toko,* regarding us with evident interest. The children of the entire neighborhood seem to have gathered about the front of our place, nearly all of them naked, though some wear nondescript garments fashioned out of odds and ends of cloth salvaged from worn-out garments of their elders. The little shavers gaze at us wide-eyed but grin broadly when we smile at them and after a few

moments resume their games, though remaining close at hand, where, when the whim strikes them, they may observe our activities, immediately we do something interesting.

One of their games is a decidedly novel one. It is played with the long fibers pulled from the midrib of a banana leaf, to which is left attached a portion of the rib to give a handle to the strand. The little shavers, when ready to play the game, select strands of the fiber by breaking the main rib of the leaf and pulling it apart. This bares a number of the strands, and the one which is adjudged strongest is carefully teased out of its sheath, endeavor being made to secure its entire length if possible. A small piece of bamboo is now partly split and the end of the fiber is inserted, so that when the cleft in the bamboo is allowed to close upon it it remains fastened to the strand. The game consists in trying to cut the other fellow's strand by entwining one's own around it and then, by suddenly twitching the handle, putting the opponent's strand out of the game. The youngsters wax wildly enthusiastic as they attack the

fiber held by a little girl, whose strand was fixed by a doting father. Finally, though, hers breaks after a series of encounters, and she runs laughing to her parent, who forthwith fashions for her another one.

Some of the infant girls wear, as a sole article of clothing, a single heart-shaped pendant slung about their little loins. Boys of their own age seem to require no clothing. The custom seems to have been borrowed from the Chinese, for only in rare cases do we see native babies of pure Malay or Dyak strain so covered. The little "fig-leaf," scarcely two inches in breadth, is usually fashioned from gold or silver, depending of course upon the wealth of the parents. A single cord passed through the loops or rings fastened to its upper side allows it to hang well down in front of the little tummy of the tike, who seems to know its proper position, and who will, if in the course of play it becomes disarranged, stop with the most charming unconcern and replace it. This is a custom throughout the Indies and is a pointed example of the general recognition by peoples of all races of the value set upon

modesty in woman. Thus, even in these more or less primitive people, an endeavor is made to implant the idea of chastity in their women from earliest childhood. The elders who find it convenient on some pretext or other to pass the doorway greet us hospitably, in marked contrast to the behavior of the Chinese, who, though pleasingly affable, prefer to learn from others the gossip of the town, while sitting comfortably on bamboo stools within their shops. It is characteristic of the Chinese that he minds his own business—to all appearances. Really, however, he is the best informed of all of them.

Back of the store-room we are to occupy is a large square porch, the floor of which is in a sad state of repair. The whole rear end of the house is on stilts, so to speak, for the ground slopes sharply away from the road at this point. Great holes yawn through the floor, and the boards that do remain are so poorly fastened that it makes walking a precarious procedure. Sam looks askance at it when we tell him that the porch is to be his domain, that we will set up the cooking outfit here, and that he may

sleep here also. He scratches his head in perplexity but says nothing, no doubt concluding that we expect him to fall through and break his worthless neck and thus rid us of him. His greatest attribute is a vacuous grin and never-failing ability to say yes on every occasion. To see him walk across that tremulous floor is worth twice the price of admission.

Soon the crew appear with our outfit, which, when stacked inside, nearly fills the room, but, with the aid of three of the men, we get things straightened out, our camp cots placed, a table set conveniently so that Sam may serve our meals without running back and forth too much, and our folding wash-kits rigged. By this time, we both agree that we are going to be quite comfortable.

Sam drags the trunk containing the cooking outfit to the porch and busies himself there for a time till suddenly we are startled by a tremendous crash and sound of clashing tinware. We almost wedge in the doorway in our haste to see if he has fallen through the floor and injured himself. To our great relief, he is stand-

ing, face wreathed in that awful smile of his, gazing alternately at us and the fallen trunk. We heave a sigh of satisfaction upon seeing him uninjured. If he is to be killed, we wish to accomplish that ourselves with bare hands! We turn away hastily to hide our laughter. Getting that trunk and its contents back upon the porch takes the unhappy devil nearly an hour. Somehow we feel that he purposely let it drop through, and so its retrieval is left entirely to him. After this incident nothing ever falls through the floor—strangely.

With the return of Van Wijk we again ascend the lane leading to the government office, and he makes us at home with his cordial hospitality. Before tiffin he learns from us our reasons for coming here, and together we plan an excursion on the morrow to Behah and other *kampongs* on the River Laeong, where, he says, he will notify the natives to prepare a tuba festival for our benefit. The natives in this district, he informs us, are living just as they did before the coming of the white man with the exception that they have given over the taking of heads, as that

is punished severely by the fort police; though in other districts to the north the natives are still intractable, for the arm of the law has not as yet reached them. The captain enumerates the supplies and equipment necessary for the trip, which will take the best part of four days. We shall go by proa so that we may see the life upon the smaller streams, and return overland, visiting some of the jungle long-houses. He sends for maps from the topographical survey office nearby and presents us with copies over which we pore, he aiding us in laying out our future course northward toward the Sarawak border, where live the Kayans. This journey will take us through districts as yet unmapped, where head-hunting is still in vogue, and the captain, when we enthusiastically say that those are the places we wish to visit, shakes his head gravely, saying that it will be very dangerous, and that we should give such an expedition much thought before starting.

He says that even in the distant portions of his own district the natives are not wholly trustworthy, that were the Dutch to remove their

restraint head-hunting would be resumed within a year. While we are engaged in studying our maps he sends runners to the long-houses, from which he expects to recruit the tuba festival participants, that all be in readiness upon our arrival. It will take them several hours to prepare the root, he explains. The poisonous juice of the tuba is used at the feast, is the smilingly evasive answer we receive when we press him for some light upon the meaning of the term. It is evident that he wishes to surprise us with something decidedly novel, and we smother our curiosity until our arrival in Behah, allowing him to turn the conversation into other channels. The captain has been stationed in various posts throughout the Dutch portion of the island for many years and has at his tongue's end a tremendous fund of information. He good-naturedly settles down in his Bombay chair, lights a fragrant Sumatra cheroot, and begins to talk. We ask him to tell us some of the things we may expect to encounter when alone in the jungle with the Dyaks. These things are facts that only come of long and friendly association with

them, and are things we will in a large measure miss, because of our unfamiliarity with the various dialects spoken "inside." Regarding fighting qualities, he says: "The Dyaks are fearless in battle, subject to implacable hatreds when grossly wronged, and to be trusted only after they have come to believe in the honesty and absolute friendliness of a person. Once they are thoroughly assured of a person's good intentions, he has nothing to fear; but this sometimes takes years, and during that time they may become offended over some little thing to which, among white people, no importance would be attached.

"Although in the main the Dyaks of all the tribes will not wantonly engage in warfare, they will resent and avenge an injury done a kinsman and seldom allow a matter of this kind to rest a moment. This avenging of injuries done, and also the necessity of having fresh heads for religious and baptismal ceremonies, accounts for most of the warfare. It is very seldom that it is engaged in for its own sake. When mourning the death of a chief, it is especially desirable to

have a fresh batch of heads as befitting the rank of the deceased; the more the merrier, that he be well attended in his long wanderings through the land of the spirits. Seldom do they make war or seek the heads of men of their own tribes, no matter how widely separated; for instance, the Seongs will not clash with other remote Seong tribes and, if need be, will unite with them to repulse invasion by Kayans or Ibans who may attack them.

"War is generally undertaken deliberately, with much preparation; and after each of the allied villages has sent its quota of fighting men a council is held in which the leaders of the various communities pick a supreme leader, who is acknowledged preëminent for fearlessness and strategy. The weapons of all the Dyaks are similar, no tribe having a distinctive type, though many of them employ decorative designs upon their shields, similar to differences in the heraldic devices of our early history. Chief among their weapons is the *parang* or *mandau,* a heavy blade of fine steel mounted in a bone or horn handle, which is ornamented with well-executed carving

and tufts of human hair. These weapons are the Dyaks' most prized possessions and have bestowed upon them the utmost care during their making. Many of the blades which the natives fashion by themselves from ore smelted and refined in the crudest of forges have blades so exquisitely inlaid with gold and silver beaten into the hard steel in the most intricate of patterns that they would do credit to the best of our craftsmen as examples of fine workmanship.

"Usually the blade of a *parang* is about twenty-two inches in length, hollow, ground upon one side, and curved slightly throughout its length toward that side. The edge is usually straight from the hilt to the point, the weight of the blade well out from the handle so that the striking-balance is admirable. With it a strong Dyak can strike off a head at a single blow, though usually this is not done, the first blow being merely given to sever the spinal column, and the smaller knife, carried in a sheath fastened to the wooden scabbard of the *parang*, coming into use to cut the head from the body as high up as possible.

"Their spears are usually made of some tough wood, six to seven feet in length and tipped with a steel blade of two-inch width by ten inches long, sharpened to razor-keenness, sometimes ornamented with designs pricked into the blade, sometimes not, according to the caprice of the maker. Their blow-pipes and poisoned darts are seldom used in warfare but find constant use in their hunting expeditions, the effect of these weapons not being of sufficient deadliness to stop an enemy instantly in his attack.

"All carry shields fashioned usually out of single blades of tough wood hewn to a trough-like shape, pointed at the ends and decorated according to the custom of the tribe of which the owner is a member. Almost invariably the shields of the older men are ornamented with tufts of human hair clipped from the heads of his victims.

"As a preliminary to all warlike excursions," the captain relates, "the omens are consulted, note being taken of the flight of various birds and the livers of pigs examined. In the case of the latter, the division of the two halves of the liver

is the point of greatest interest, a sharp well-defined ridge between the lobes being regarded as unfavorable, a low rounded one as indicative that there will be no trouble in either going to the enemies' territory or returning from it." There are many things to tell us, the captain concludes, things which he will relate while we are on our way to Behah to-morrow, and we rise to go that he may enjoy his accustomed siesta, the time for which is close at hand.

On our way back to our "club-room" we observe that girls will be girls the world over, for, seated upon the steps of their home, we see three Malay damsels who try to establish cordial relations, archly flirting with outrageous disregard of convention. But it is ever thus. The "poor white man" has so many temptations thrust upon him in these out-of-the-way corners by sprightly, comely, brown-skinned maidens that he is in danger of becoming rooted either in or to the soil if lurking in his consciousness there is not a vision of a husky brown-skinned lover hovering in the background, ready roughly, we

shall say, to resent one's amorous attentions. We pass them by with a smile, disregarding their invitations to tarry, which throws them into gales of laughter. When they have arrived at the age of discretion the Malay girls of this class, it seems, throw discretion to the winds and are ever ready to form a liaison with a white man, who they know, from repute and experience, too, will provide them with luxuries never dreamed of by their own dusky men-folk. Sam has the charcoal stoves aglow when we return, in preparation for our dinner. It will consist entirely of tinned goods—corned beef, beans, hotchpotch,—a variety of vegetables hashed together,—and fresh bread baked by a Chinaman whose shop is up the street a little distance. When we tell him of our intended journey, he promises to fry some chickens later in the evening that we may have them cold for lunch to-morrow. Somehow he does not seem to relish the trip in prospect. He turns positively green when we tell him that we are about to journey to the homes of the wild people. Sam was made to travel among head-

hunters just about as much as he was intended to be a cook. We decide an hour later, when we smell the burning chicken, that lighting a fire is his limit in that direction.

CHAPTER VI

UP THE LAEONG

WITH the first break of dawn we are up and about. Between sputtering lapses in our ablutions, or wry grimaces over a dull razor-blade, we exhort Sam to haste in cleaning up our light traveling-kits that we may hurry to the boat landing and meet the captain, who has set the time of departure at an hour after daylight.

At the landing we find the canoes ready, and after a wait of about ten minutes the captain shows up with three men in tow, one of whom turns out to be his cook, Somen by name, a jolly rascal, under penal sentence for the very trifling term of one hundred and eight years. The captain, after summing up his various offenses,—a little matter of the murder of a rival in love, numerous thefts, the rape of another officer's washerwoman, and sundry other crimes,—de-

cided that a man gifted with such genius for trouble-making must be a "live wire," and so he attached Somen to his household in the capacity of cook, giving him, in addition to the four dollars a year allowed life prisoners for tobacco money, a similarly small amount. This and the kind treatment accorded Somen by the captain has earned for that official Somen's undying regard, and he is fast becoming an indispensable adjunct to Van Wijk's housekeeping.

Four proas are deemed sufficient for the journey, and, with the *barang* safely stowed in one and Sam and Somen in another, we recline comfortably in the others, the captain and the post doctor respectively taking their places beside us. Four men man the paddles in each of the proas, two forward, two behind, and the canoes glide out upon the breast of the stream, propelled by stalwart arms, which as the hours pass show no signs of tiring. The waning daylight finds us at the junction of the Laeong and the Barito, down which stream we have traveled throughout the day. We are now quite ready to stretch stiffened limbs by a walk around the village,

which, situated on the west bank of the larger stream, faces the mouth of the tributary squarely. The early evening is enchantingly beautiful. The shadows on the west bank are lengthening into lavender depths back of which the fires in the *kampong* glow ruddily, making crimson lanes toward us on the water. As we land, the natives cluster round us, eager to help us carry our things to the long-house of the local chief, where it is planned that we shall spend the night. This is a typical native village. The men are clad in their birthday clothing, except for meager breech-clouts, though the women cover the lower halves of their bodies with sarongs of Javanese fabrics, purchased from Chinese traders who ply the main waterway.

A short ramble suffices to restore the arrested circulation in our limbs, and we ascend the notched tree trunk which leads to the veranda of the long-house a trifle wearedly. It is one of the most beautiful of nights. The Laeong winds like a silver pathway in the dusk to highlands behind which the moon is beginning to illumine the purple depths of the sky with an

argent promise of its coming fullness. Except for the inmates of the house stirring about, all is quiet. Sam, assisted by Somen, is at work over the charcoal stoves, of which we have three with us. There is nothing for us to do but await dinner; we are too tired with the long, cramping canoe trip even to talk much. We are sitting on the high veranda of the long-house, drinking in the beauty of the hour, listening to the silence. . . .

To the northward the sky is overcast, but in all other quarters visible from our corner of the porch it is clear, and the stars gleam brightly, some of them burning like electric arcs. It is a great time to sit and just think. You and I, and central Borneo! Others—a very, very comparative few—have passed this way, seen the same people, heard the same sounds, laughed the same laughs, cussed the same heat, all under these same stars, and gone their way, even as the shooting-stars that cross the night from time to time. One looks upward. With each round the timed procession makes, drops from its ranks a greater or a lesser flame, cleaving the firmament—a

momentary break—with the white light of passing fame. Yet, when it 's gone, we miss it not! To us the sky looks just the same.

Tall cocoanuts—a grove of them lining the river bank on our left—seem to shelter a family of gnomes, darker shadows moving in the general shadow, now and then silhouetting themselves against the red glow of cocoa husks burning as a smudge against the ever-hungry mosquitos. They will retire soon—not the mosquitos,—they never do at night,—but the gnomes. They are the kiddies of the *kampong,* gathered in the evening to hear tales of the jungle spirits. They listen wide-eyed and tremulous as "Tama" Balu Uding, the *dayong,* or wise man of the *kampong,* relates in weird cadence the folk-lore of their fathers. It is the children's custom to importune the elders for these stories at nighttime, either as now, beside a heap of glowing cocoa husks, or within the home where the guttering *dammar* lamps cast fitful Gargantuan shadows upon the rude walls of their "door," for as such is each family division of the long-house termed.

The hour passes dreamily. The playing of a flute somewhere within the house intrigues our fancies. The melody is scarcely audible, so low at times that one must strain the ear to hear. In the air rendered by the player one senses an eery, primitive, plaintive wildness that steals into the consciousness like the call of the green silences of the jungle.

Sam steals up behind us so quietly that he startles us out of our reveries with *"Tuan, makanan sudah sedia,"* and so we rise to go inside, where we find that between the two boys we have spread before us a really gratifying meal. The table is set in a large room opening off the long veranda, a kind of reception-room, it seems, a room ostensibly for the use of guests. The youngsters of the household cluster at a respectful distance from us and eye us apprehensively as though expecting us to leap in their direction and devour them at a mouthful. None of the elders are in evidence, and once when one of them passes through the room, having just come in from outside, she shoos the little tikes ahead of her, like a brood of brown chickens, to the room

in the rear where the family reside. On our folding camp-table we soon discover new articles of food which, when we wonderingly question the captain regarding them, he describes. There are roasted bananas of a bright orange color, divested of their skins and cut in lengths of about three inches. These we try but do not finish. They are cloyingly rich, and we tackle the pork and beans with increased relish. Now and then we take a mouthful of sago or of the vegetable tallow found in the seed of a tree but in the main prefer our tinned goods to the unaccustomed dainties of the Dyaks. The dinner over, we light our pipes and, upon invitation of the chief, enter the other room and make ourselves at home.

It is a large room. At the rear, under rafters hung with baskets and fish-nets, spears and five human skulls decorated with raffia, is a fireplace over which Sam and Somen are busying themselves. Scattered around it are all the cooking-utensils of the household, including ours. Near the wall on the right is a low platform that evidently serves as a bed at night, a lounging-place by day. Two or three mats partly rolled

up near the front partition indicate that certain members of the family sleep on these spots. There is a low door at the left, which opens into a small room, cut off of the larger one, jutting out into it from the corner. This is the place where the elder couple sleep. Seeing our great interest in their household appointments, the chief and his wife beckon to us from their doorway, addressing us courteously in their native tongue to inquire if we would like to see their family wealth. We enter their bedroom and find it interesting. The bed is made of ironwood—a platform-like contrivance on which a pad of leaves and bark-cloth is placed. A *dammar* lamp of Malay brass-work is the sole illuminant. It is a slender column of hand-chased brass eighteen inches in height, surmounted by a cup, the diameter and shape of a lemon cut in half. In this is burning some *dammar* gum, the resinous pitch from which is derived the *dammar* varnish of commerce. This is the only brass lamp they seem to possess, the others being of wood, which support in a cleft stick a bundle of banana leaves filled with chunks of gum.

They lead us to the corner of this room, where from under woven mats of fine-split cane-skin they discover to us a number of old Chinese stoneware jars, which to them are evidently objects of great pride. These in times past were imported by the Chinese traders but now, we learn, are made by the ubiquitous Celestials in Borneo from earths which seem to lend themselves to the potter's wheel admirably. The Dyak measures his wealth by the number of these jars in his possession, and also by the number of brass gongs of Malay workmanship he calls his own. A very highly prized possession is an old Brunei cannon nearly five feet in length, made of yellow brass and richly ornamented with arabesques. This is esteemed, not as a weapon, but rather as an antiquity, having both historic and intrinsic value, because of its weight in metal.

In several instances we have noticed these great jars in the habitations of the Dyaks but never before dreamed that they were the standard of wealth among these people. The most common of the valuable jars we have seen are of a

highly glazed plain brown color, a yard in height, flat bottomed, ornamented with relief scrolls and dragons or similar grotesque designs. A Dyak, so the captain informs us later, will give the equivalent of four hundred dollars for a fine jar, those with a high glaze and obscure underglaze markings commanding even higher prices. Stored in the room also are the chief's favorite weapons, his war coat and shield, which he, a little vainly, we think, dons for us that we may see him as the leading warrior of his people.

The captain raises his eyebrows slightly at this and winks significantly, conveying to us that though they submit to the rule of the white man there is latent within them the love of combat and martial trappings.

We return to the large room where, with the family grouped around, we listen to the *keluri,* or native flute, again. It is a curious instrument, a gourd with a long slender neck, from which protrudes a bundle of six bamboo pipes, ranging in length from ten to eighteen inches. Around the base of this bundle where it enters the gourd is a packing of wax, which seals the juncture her-

metically. When the player blows into the opening in the end of the neck of the gourd, the air sets into motion the reed affixed in each of the pipes or tubes. Small finger-holes in each of these control the sound, each tube being silent when the finger-hole is open. It is a matter of later comment between us that while the player uses the instrument the others remain respectfully silent, applauding his efforts to entertain us with approbative slaps of hands upon their naked thighs at the conclusion of each air. Not to be outdone as entertainers and, too, to add our mite to the evening's enjoyment, we perform some simple sleight-of-hand tricks for them, which, though they laugh uproariously, make them wonder and argue between themselves after we conclude our little performance.

A Dyak household retires ordinarily at an early hour, for daybreak finds all of them up and stirring. Our presence breaks this rule, for all remain awake for two hours after their accustomed bed-time to listen to the conversation which ensues between the captain and the chief, who have not seen each other for many months. Finally,

however, we return to the veranda, where Sam has placed our camp cots, and lie down beneath an army blanket, for after midnight the air becomes a little chill, and covering is needed to protect one from the drafts. We fall asleep amid a silence so absolute that it seems to strike one with its intensity.

It seems only a few moments later, though it is really about three hours, when we are awakened by a loud drumming sound and a feeling of dampness. One turns over to a new position on the narrow cot and in doing so becomes aware that the sag of the canvas cover which supports him is filled with water. Like all Dyak roofs, the one above us is filled with holes, and the torrential rain has deluged the place where stands the cot. However, there is nothing to be done. We are wet, the blankets are wet, everything is wet; and so we merely get up, cuss a little to relieve our feelings, and move our beds to a seemingly drier place. When we lie down again we drape the blanket well over the edges of the cots and raise up a knee to make a tent of our coverings. This will, if the rain finds us again,

When they have arrivest at the age of discretion—

We observe that girls will be girls

Four proas are deemed sufficient

We ascend the notched tree trunk

shed some of the water. Only twice more during the night are we forced to move—not a bad average on a stormy night on a Dyak long-house veranda. The rain is a warm one, and as there is no wind we do not become chilled; rather, we steam up a little and console ourselves that we are almost comfortable. Later on we become so used to this sort of thing that we would be uncomfortable without it.

Finally, when morning dawns, we crawl out and survey each other with appreciative grins. Thanks to past experiences, our clothes are dry, for they were hung, as is our custom, under the folds of a doubled canvas hung upon the inner wall.

After bacon and fresh eggs washed down with really good coffee, we again enter the canoes to resume our journey, our soaked blankets spread upon the thatched coverings of the proas that they may dry out in the broiling sunshine. The Laeong, which we are now coursing, is a much smaller stream than the Barito. At some places it is scarcely a hundred yards in width, as against the Barito's six hundred. Now and then out-

croppings of shale rock in the banks on either side show the black smudges of dripping oil, and the captain comments that the country is very rich in mineral resources and that owing to the present inability of Holland properly to finance development the Dutch Government is inviting foreign capital to operate under generous concessions.

As we proceed up the stream, the wild life comes more in evidence, though during the heat of the day the birds and animals keep to the shady cover of the dense jungle. The steady rhythmic stroke of the men at the paddles has a very soothing effect, which, coupled with the heat, makes one drowsy; and the captain, who has been in the tropics for the last thirteen years, falls sound asleep. Things about are much too interesting for us to follow suit, and we remain wide awake watching this slow passing jungle wall for sight of some of the strange animals we know inhabit it. Gay-plumaged parrots call raucously to one another and sometimes fly across the stream like dream birds, so gorgeous is their coloring. *Sious,* little green red-crested native

grouse, feed unconcernedly in coveys near the waterside, and we bag a few for dinner in the evening. With the first report of the twelve-gage, the captain comes awake with a start. But when he sees the reason for our shooting he grins and mumbles something incoherently, readjusts the haversack that forms his pillow, and lapses again into a slumber from which the heavy reports of the shot-gun close beside cannot rouse him. Once, overcome with the same heat-inspired drowsiness that has downed the captain, our steersman runs the proa into a soft muddy bank, which incident elicits much chaffing from his fellows.

With the sun overhead we stop for lunch, picking as a likely spot a broad shady bank at the bend of the stream. While we are engaged at this there comes to us down the river the sound of distant gongs and the plaintive wail of a native chant. At this the captain lifts his head and remarks that the reception committee is at hand. The natives of Behah are coming to welcome us to the tuba festival in accordance with their custom. After a few moments we see their canoes

rounding a bend above us. They are gaily decorated with feathered ornaments, and long spears hung with tufts of feathers stand upright in the bow of each. As they draw near to us we see who come to welcome us. The chief of Behah, escorted by his counselors and a bevy of singing maidens, pulls up alongside our proas in the shallow water, and, after a great burst of gong-beating, they come ashore to shake hands, which is their form of greeting just as it is ours.

An animated conversation ensues, after which the captain informs us that all is in readiness for the tuba feast, which will take place the next morning. While we lunch the chief respectfully stands at a little distance and makes silent appraisal of our guns, which are placed upright against a fallen tree trunk. The captain asks him how he likes the looks of them, and the chief replies with charming naïveté that he would like to hear them speak and see what they were capable of doing. At this the captain suggests that one of us take a shot at a mark to show the accuracy of our shooting, to which we agree. I select the little twenty-two high-power as the

best target arm. The captain calls one of our boys to him and despatches him across the river to a tree stump with a safety-match-box, which the rascal places upright with its blue-papered bottom facing us. It is a difficult shot. The tiny box, almost matching the background, is scarcely discernible at the distance of ninety or a hundred yards. I look at it with a sinking heart. If I miss I shall appear ridiculous in the eyes of these men, who are to be my hosts for the next few days. As if to take the wind out of me entirely, the captain whispers earnestly, "Be sure and hit it." Well, there is nothing for it but to try; and so I turn in my camp-chair, rest my elbow on the chair back, draw careful aim, and squeeze. Immediately after pulling the trigger I turn to face the chief with colossal assurance and indicate that he send one of his men to get the box. I have n't the slightest idea whether or not I hit the darned thing. I can only pray I did. My manner is one of "I just could n't miss." A moment later the boy sent after the box brings it to us, indicating with the stump of a missing forefinger a neat hole drilled

in its exact center. I could n't duplicate the shot again in a thousand years, and though my manner tells them such shooting is a matter-of-fact procedure with me I inwardly bless my luck and the little Savage that has twice on other occasions stood me in such good stead.

The sky is becoming overcast and rain impends, and so we hastily repack our lunch kits and get aboard the proas. Ten minutes after we leave the place where we lunched the rain descends in torrents, but, owing to the tarpaulins we hung over the thatch above us, we are able to keep dry and really enjoy the ensuing coolness. The rain is so heavy that the bank on the opposite side is lost to view. It begins to beat so hard upon the surface of the river that tiny globules of water rise like mist, which, owing to the forward motion of the boat, drifts inboard to dampen us slightly. A canoe in which a little girl and her parents are traveling up-stream drifts abreast of us. The little girl, not more than six or seven years of age, is paddling while the elder couple are busily bailing, trying to keep the water from reaching piles of something covered with broad

leaves, placed in the middle of the cranky dugout. As we watch them the father seizes a paddle and with a few powerful strokes directs the proa to the river bank, where they all leap out and, after stowing their possessions under the partial shelter of a tree, turn the canoe upside down, and crouch under it, awaiting cessation of the downpour.

For an hour the rain continues; then, as suddenly as it came, it dies away and the sun bursts forth, dissipating the clouds so that in a surprisingly short time no signs of the storm are visible, though there is a welcome freshness in the air. The jungle looks a cleaner green, and monkeys cluster in the bare tops of dead *tapangs* to sun themselves and dry their wet, furry bodies. As we pass them, they scold at us as though we were responsible for their plight. Through it all, our paddlers have swung sturdily on, for the warm rain runs from their smooth brown skins and does not chill them. They have no clothes to cling clammily to them and make them uncomfortable.

In the late afternoon we arrive at Behah, our

destination. The long-house is situated upon the top of a high bluff overlooking the river. Beside the long-house, which is one of three "doors," there is a smaller one consisting of one large room with no veranda. We decide to camp in this one during our stay here. The floor of this house is raised three or four feet from the ground and is made of round poles and bamboos tied with rattans, that they may not roll underfoot. Owing to this fact, we are unable to set up our chairs and tables in the house, for the legs drop through the interstices. However, we reflect that in everything there is some merit, for here is a floor that never needs to be swept. Things go right through it to the ground beneath. We contrive to set up the cots inside, for Sam brings some flat-hewn pieces of wood purloined from under the chief's house to place under their legs.

While dinner is in preparation we stroll to the brink of the bluff and gaze up and down the river. Below us only a short distance is the canoe of the little family which took to cover during the storm on the river. They land as we watch them, and make their way up a scarcely discern-

ible pathway to a tiny house built on high stilts directly opposite the spot on which we stand. Their house consists of merely a platform elevated twenty feet above the ground, roofed with thatch but having no walls. Our glasses tell us that on the far side of the platform there is a raised square of baked mud which serves them as a fireplace. A few gourds and a brass cooking-pot complete their housekeeping equipment, except for the *dammar* lamp which is the sole illuminating device known to these inland people. We watch with interest the father's efforts to light a fire. First he selects some dry kindling from a bundle hung above him on the rafters. He shaves some of this into fine cuttings with his *parang* or *mandau,* and then, after carefully placing them upon the hearth, selects a strip of fiber taken from a long-jointed piece of bamboo, wraps each end of this round two short lengths of stick to serve as handles, and, bending over, saws up and down with the loop of fiber upon a piece of wood held between his feet, keeping the strand of bamboo taut by pulling it toward him as he saws. Soon the friction of

the tough bamboo heats the softer wood, and he calls his wife, who bends over and blows gently at the point of friction until he drops the strand and kneels himself, coddling the smoking piece of wood into a glow. This he places under the fresh shavings on the hearth, blows some more, and a flame leaps up. The whole process does not take five minutes. Later we try it ourselves but are unsuccessful after twenty minutes of perspiring labor, much to the amusement of our host the chief, who, when he sees what we are about, offers us a Chinese sulphur match. He cannot understand why we should go to the bother and exertion of trying to make fire when he has matches.

Drenched with perspiration, we go down to the river to bathe, one of the men of the *kampong* accompanying us to splash around with a paddle and scare off any crocodiles lurking in the vicinity. The beauty of this hour in Borneo is indescribable. Night has dropped upon us like a purple blanket. The moon is just coming up, and the river glistens in its soft light as we splash about. After dinner, mindful of the wet-

ting we received so lately, we inquire if the roof is really tight, and the chief assures us that it is a new one and will protect us in the hardest rain. We take his word for it and give over our idea of hanging up a tarpaulin inside the house as a useless precaution. The last thing we remember before sleep overtakes us is the scandalous love-making of a young couple who, supposing us to be asleep and wishing to escape the jocular comments of members of their household, have ensconced themselves upon a pile of *attaps,* or roof-thatch sections, stored beneath our house.

CHAPTER VII

THE TUBA FESTIVAL

JUST before sun-up, we are awakened by a prodigious scratching and thumping on the roof over our heads, accompanied by showers of dry pieces of the thatch and a mud wasp's nest or two thrown in for good measure. The chickens roosting on the ridge-pole are awake before us and, with stirrings about, are stretching their legs and wings in preparation for a busy day in the surrounding jungle searching for food.

We bounce out of bed and dress hastily, for we are scheduled to start up river immediately after breakfast. The scene of the festival is two miles further up-stream. While the two cooks are preparing the morning food we take a ramble through the village. There are two other houses here, one of which has two tall poles surmounted with carved images of birds placed in front of it. Also close by is a group of

shorter bamboo staffs, in the split upper end of each of which there is an egg. Our curiosity is aroused, and upon inquiry we learn the two images on the taller poles are placed there to signify that within that house there is sickness, while the eggs in the cleft bamboos are offerings to the spirits to placate them that they may restore the sick person to health. In some cases the natives also suspend on these shorter poles the bodies of fowls killed for the purpose of sacrifice.

A short distance from the clearing, in a place nearly overgrown by the lush verdure and creepers, we stumble into the graveyard of the village. It is guarded by two life-size wooden images carved with startling fidelity to the nude male and female figures, though in the case of the male figure grossly exaggerated, one would say. Most of the graves are in the ground, but one, raised upon high timbers, takes the form of a canoe-shaped box, in which the remains of a chief are resting. It has been in place so long that the mosses and orchids have found root upon it, and ferns crown the whole surface of the

trough-like receptacle where the bones of the chief are moldering. While at breakfast we learn some of the customs attendant upon the death of a member of the *kampong,* for the chief tells us as we eat.

After the death of one of their people, he tells us, news is sent to the surrounding villages that all may come to mourn. Usually hundreds of bundles of cigarettes are sent to be hung around the body, under the supposition that the spirit of the deceased may recognize by smell the hands which fashioned each bundle. Among people of the lowest class the body is kept in the house for one day, those of the middle class retaining their dead for two or three, while a chief may lie in state for ten. A bead from the string of his nearest relative is placed beneath each of the dead man's eyelids before he is placed in his coffin, which is hollowed from a single log and fitted with a lid hermetically sealed in place with wax. While the coffin lies in the house the *dayong* or medicine-man of the tribe sits beside it, continually waving over it a sword to scare away the *'toh,* or malign spirit supposed to be responsible

for the man's death. During this period of mourning all noises cease about the house except, of course, the wailing of the women, who sit grouped upon the floor facing the coffin, weeping their respects, though later we learn that this is more or less a forced grief, indulged in merely for effect.

When the day comes for the funeral the *dayong* chants in mournful tones directions by which the close-hovering soul of the dead man may find its way to the other world. This, it seems to us, is a rather well advanced idea for so primitive a people, but the chief assures us his people have always believed that when a man dies his spirit leaves his body and travels to another world; though where that world is he is at a loss to say, merely making a sweeping gesture when we ask him, indicating that it is all about us, in the jungle, everywhere.

After the burial some of the man's clothing, his war dress, and spears are placed upon his grave, and some of the relatives place, inverted upon staves driven in the ground, a few of the valued earthen jars which form the basis of their

wealth. It is curious to note that an individual might place his entire collection of these upon the grave and in no whit impair his wealth or financial standing. No one will ever touch them. Unfriendly tribes attacking the village may pillage it of all else, but the graves are sacred. Beside some of the graves we noticed porcelain plates with holes perforated in them to receive wooden pegs which supported them vertically upon the posts. The captain informs us that these are supplied by an enterprising German firm which sells them to the Chinese traders. They are made for the sole purpose of grave decoration, says the captain. Before the German salesman concocted the idea the Dyaks were forced laboriously to drill holes through the plates they bought from the Chinese. Now they are able to buy them all ready for hanging, thanks to the enterprise of this German firm, which sells them wholesale to the Chinese traders.

Breakfast over, we go immediately to the canoes and start up-stream. As we progress, we come upon other parties bound in the same direc-

We eat a horrid breakfast

We come to the place where the *tuba* root is being prepared

Many canoes filled with the white fluid have been drawn aside, that others may be filled

We drift down just abreast the poisoned water

tion. At the end of the first mile the river is alive with water-craft, which in the main have lain hidden in the jungle not far from the water's edge until required for some excursion. Where the people come from is a matter of surprise to us, for as we pass up the stream there is nothing to indicate that so many of them live in the district. Once we come to a place where a dam has been constructed and great nets woven from strands of fiber are stretched across the stream. The captain now enlightens us about the *tuba*. It is the root of a poisonous shrub. The intention of the natives is to pound out the sap of a great quantity of these roots, macerate them in water, and poison the stream. In this way they capture great numbers of the fish with which the river abounds. It has long been their custom to do this, but after many disastrous famines the paternal government has proscribed the use of poison except upon permission, and the streams are now kept full of fish, upon which the natives depend to a great extent for food.

We come to a point where stretched above us

is a long rattan reaching from bank to bank, from which are suspended small baskets of rice, bundles of leaves and feathers, a few hoops of plaited withes, a roasted fowl in the middle of the lot, and other native charms and tokens. These are explained to us as offerings to the spirits and are supposed by the Dyaks to insure a successful fishing feast. We soon round a bend in the stream and come upon the place where the *tuba* root is being prepared. A tremendous pounding is our first warning that we are near the starting-point, and as we cut over to the opposite bank to see what causes the uproar we find more than three hundred canoes are drawn up around a huge platform and double that number of people are engaged in preparing the *tuba* roots. Certain groups unload the bundles from the proas, carrying them to great piles, from which others carry them as needed to the platform, where they are beaten to shreds with heavy clubs. From there they are taken to the proas again, where river-water is poured over them while men trample upon them to extract the milky white juice. Many canoes, filled almost

to the sinking point with the white fluid, have been drawn aside to make room for others being filled. As we pull up to the platform, a great shout goes up, and all stop work for the moment to gaze at us and call a welcome.

As we land we are led to a raised spot on the bank overlooking the whole scene, where, after a long harangue in the native tongue, they present to us two gaily decorated spears with which, we are informed, we are to begin the festival when the time for fishing arrives. We are cautioned that we must be sure to spear the first fish that shows itself within striking distance, for should we miss the cast it will augur ill for the success of the day's spearing. The *tuba,* we are told, will so drug the fish that they will come to the surface, where, unable to control their movements, they become easy prey. Pieces of the *tuba* root are brought to us to examine. It looks for all the world like the licorice root we purchase in the drug stores at home, but when we break it white sap oozes from it. This is very poisonous, though the natives use it in some of their medicines, chiefly as a purgative,

we are told. After an hour's wait, during which we chat with the chiefs of several *kampongs,* the *tuba* is ready, about five hundred bundles of the root having been soaked and washed of their sap and put in the canoes. We are called to the proas that are to head the procession and, after being installed in the bows, watch the natives drag those filled with the milky fluid of the *tuba* out into the stream and overturn them there. In a surprisingly short time the water of the river becomes a turbid opalescent white, and all the natives now enter canoes, while we drift down the river with the current just abreast of the poisoned water. For a time no fish appear, and we begin to wonder whether or not the attempt is to be successful, when close beside the boat a large shiny fish flops upward from the depths and struggles about uncertainly, close at hand. It is time for the first stroke. Taking careful aim with the poised spear, I let drive and luckily transfix the unhappy creature upon barbed points. A tremendous shout goes up when I lift the fish high in the air above my head that all may see. Immediately the spearing becomes

general, and hundreds upon hundreds of fish are taken.

Many laughable incidents take place. Oft-times two men will cast at the same fish, over-reaching themselves in their anxiety to capture it, both tumbling from the insecure footing in the narrow proas, to land with a great splash in the water. Gales of laughter follow each of these little mishaps, and one of them, which looks almost serious for a moment, furnishes another round of laughter. A little girl of about nine years strikes at a fish with a small spear and succeeds in implanting the barb so securely in it that the fish is firmly hooked. However, her little arms are not sufficiently strong to lift the fish which, in its struggle to free itself, drags the spear, girl and all, after it into the water. Her father promptly leaps after them and first rescues the fish, and throws it in the proa, and then goes after the girl, who, freed from the necessity of saving the spear with its valuable metal point, is swimming unconcernedly at some distance from the boat.

As the day wears on and our proa is heavily

laden with the finny spoil, we tire of the sport and stop for a rest in the shade of some spreading trees at the dam where the nets are spread. Here thousands of the fish are caught and thrown in great piles on the low, shelving, sandy shore, to be divided later between the different villages represented at the feast. All the fish taken, except of course those needed for immediate consumption, will be smoke-cured, in which condition they will last a long time. The one thermos bottle of drinking-water we brought with us has long been consumed. Owing to our unfamiliarity with the *tuba* poison, we are not sure the river-water is fit to drink. We ask the captain, who says that although it is probably safe enough by this time, because of the current and the untainted water slowly coming from upstream, it is better that we take no chances. He says there is plenty of good cool water close at hand, however, and indicates by a wave of the hand a thick rattan hanging like an enormous telephone cable between two trees.

Sure enough, we reply, and immediately borrow from one of the Dyaks his *mandau,* with

which we cut the rattan in two with one vigorous swipe of the blade and hold under its root end the empty thermos bottle. In less than two minutes we have nearly a quart of cool refreshing water, slightly bitter in taste but decidedly palatable. It is this that the natives drink when in the jungle, too far from a watercourse easily to get its aërated water. To those unused to this as a beverage its continued use has a slight laxative effect, but in a short time the system becomes accustomed to it and this effect ceases.

While we are resting we ply the captain with questions, and he tells us, among other things, that the *tuba* poison placed in the stream, as has been done to-day, has a far-reaching effect. All the crocodiles living in the stream will be killed and their carcasses will be in evidence within the week in the small muddy tributaries of the Laeong where they have crawled to die. Upon being sickened with the poison, he says, they immediately leave the larger stream and seek out the shallow, muddy swamps and bayous, where they succumb, becoming torpid, finally dying in seclusion far from others of their species, which

would eat them as soon as they were unable to protect themselves.

In the discussion that follows we learn that the casting-net is the method most commonly used by the Dyaks, a circular net which, when fully extended, covers an area of six or eight yards. To the center of this type of net is tied a stout cord, which is held by the fisherman while the cast is made. This is done in such a manner that the net falls flat and fully extended upon the water, sinking immediately to the bottom by reason of stones or weights affixed to its outer edge. The net is then drawn slowly upward, which movement drags its rim along the bottom, and any fish thus imprisoned finally become enmeshed in the decreasing cone that is being formed. Some rod and line fishing is also practised, but with the crudest of tackle. For this the Dyaks use hooks made of rattan thorns. They select a piece of rattan having two thorns growing close together, and strip these from the tough bark, leaving them attached together by a strand of it. This they bend double at a point midway between the thorns, tying it to a line

made of twisted fiber, and bait it with fruit or other likely material and proceed to catch fish.

They are very adept at this, nearly always returning with a good catch. "Tickling" is also known to them, the men slowly traversing the shady undercut banks of the streams, where the fish take shelter from the heat of midday, searching out their quarry with slow, deliberate hands, and grasping the fish firmly by the gills before it realizes that this slow-moving object has designs upon it.

When a *tuba* festival is in prospect the people never make direct reference to it, for they believe that the *dayong* fish is capable of divining their intentions, and may by some magical power cause torrential rains to swell the streams to such an extent that the increased flow of water will render their attempt to poison the watercourse abortive. This magician fish, or *dayong,* as they call anything or anybody supposed to be endowed with magical powers, is named the *belira.* It is a fish with an extraordinary number of bones in its smallish body. The chief tells us very earnestly how the *belira* comes to

have so many bones. The matter is a very serious one to him, and he believes the story implicitly. His story points out to us why the natives never directly allude to the *tuba* scheme when planning the feast.

Translated from the native tongue, the tale runs thus: Poisoning of the streams occurred so often that the fish began to complain among themselves, and so they held a council which included all the different tribes of fish that lived in the rivers. They decided that they must have a *dayong* who could find a way to combat this evil, and appointed five of their number to search out a wise fish who could fill this place. After asking nearly all the fishes in the streams, they finally met a *belira* who said that he could save them from the poison; for he asserted he could cause it to rain when he wished, but demanded before he became their *dayong* that they each give him a bone from their bodies. They accepted his demand, and that, says the chief, is why the *belira* has so many bones. Having so many bones, the *belira* is seldom eaten when caught, but is tossed aside where he is left to die

or make his way back to the water. Many of these fish have lain in the bottoms of the proas for a time, listening to the talk of the men, and have later got back safely into their native element with a true understanding of the language of men. This is why, at the time of the *tuba* feast, all references are made to the proceeding in deceptive phrases, such as, "The sticks cannot get over this dam," or some other indirect statement.

In late afternoon we return to the *kampong*, passing on either side, as we progress downstream, many little gatherings of happy natives clustered around camp-fires, toasting portions of their finny spoil on sticks. Some of them are singing, but all call to us cheerily as we pass them, some remarking that it was one of the most successful feasts they had ever had. We climb the slippery pathway up the bluff to the house, tired but happy. It has been a great day. Before sundown an hour spent in the near-by jungle with the shot-gun supplies us with a good bag of pheasants which will be welcome to-morrow on our long hike back to Poeroek Tajoe.

CHAPTER VIII

INTO THE JUNGLE

IT is the moment before dawn. Breakfast is over. Everything is in readiness for the journey. The heavier pieces of *barang* are stowed safely in the proas to be taken back to Poeroek Tajoe by water, while we take the long, roundabout way through the jungle in returning. The captain tells us that the hike will put us in good trim for the longer trip that lies before us when we start northward from the fort. He regrets his inability to go with us the whole distance, though he does promise to accompany us a short distance to see that we "get off on the right foot," as he puts it. On this hike, he says, he wishes to point out certain signs and native customs that will stand us in good stead when we strike out for ourselves. Just before we set out the sun leaps above the horizon like a smiting furnace, giving warning of a broiling day.

No sooner have we left the *kampong* clearing, where all the clan are gathered to say good-by, than the brilliant sunshine dwindles to a wan half-light. What has been a clearly defined pathway leading from the *kampong* deteriorates into a scarcely discernible trail that finally becomes lost in the dense thicket. At this point the Dyaks—three of them—step to the fore, armed with their indispensable *mandaus* to hack a pathway for us. At times we almost have to grope our way. The massive trunks of giant *tapangs* rise like pillars to the jungle roof; the tops of the lower trees, though thirty feet above us, are still below the first branches of the *tapangs*. The humid dank forest is an interminable maze of cable-like rattans, bamboos, towering tree-ferns, palms of infinite variety, it seems, brambles which are impassable and force us to long detours to avoid them, and dark leafy undergrowth in which little flame-colored birds dart about cheeping and chattering because of our intrusion. Now and then we come to slightly open places in the undergrowth, caused no doubt by the denser interlacing of the tree-tops above,

which, shutting out all light, stifles the growth below. In these spots the ground is littered with rotting limbs of trees, which glow in the semi-darkness with the phosphorescence of decay. Our feet make no sound upon the jungle carpet, for it is soft and springy with thick layers of leafy mold. Parrots and strange birds fly about and above us, and now and then a troop of monkeys follow for a distance, scolding and chattering at a great rate, though we pay no attention to them, as before, for they have become commonplace.

Twice we come upon the warm embers of fires built by nomadic natives, who, upon hearing our approach, take incontinently to their heels, and, though once or twice we are almost sure that flitting shadows seen for the space of a heartbeat are these shy children of the silences, we never see them fully; for they are diffident when it comes to meeting strangers, and the captain tells us that he was stationed among them for nearly a year before meeting one of them face to face. These are the Punans, a harmless enough tribe, he avers, when let severely alone,

but they are capable of revenge when very slightly wronged. They are the nomad hunters of the jungle and can be found hidden in all the inner fastnesses of the tangles. Locally they are called Ukits by the Dyaks, who maintain a relatively friendly attitude toward them, for they trade among them, giving, in return for camphor gum, skins and feathers of rare birds, poison dart guns called *sumpitans,* and other commodities beyond the Punans' powers of fabrication. The Ukits have no handicrafts, we learn, other than that of setting ingenious snares for birds and small mammals. For clothing they wear the breech-clout common among all the Dyak tribes, making it from bark-cloth similar to the *tapa* of the Kanakas, but much more coarse in texture. We shall know them if we run across them, Van Wijk remarks, because of their extreme shyness and short stature, pale yellow color, slightly grotesque bodies with long torso, and short but sturdy limbs. Despite their distrustful qualities, the captain says that they have many likable traits and are in the main innocent of vices, in that they never go head-hunting, for their cus-

toms do not demand it of them, though they will lose no opportunity of implanting a poisoned dart in the body of an enemy or other person who has wronged them, whether the wrong be fancied or otherwise.

They are capable of patiently waiting for their revenge, for the records of the Sarawak Government, discussed with us later by Resident Douglass at Claudtown on the north coast, show that in one instance a Punan revenge was delayed four years. It was caused in the beginning by a Pokun, a man of the upper class, killing, during the course of an altercation over tribal jurisdiction, a Punan of that district. The companions of the murdered Punan retired and deserted the district. Four years afterward, the Pokun, having totally forgotten the incident, migrated to the Tinjar River with his family and set out one day to trade with a tribe of Punas living in the neighborhood. He had no sooner left the protection of his own clearing than he was struck in the cheek with a poisoned dart and died within ten minutes. It is characteristic of the Punan that he invariably aims for the cheek when attack-

Despite their distrustful natures, they have many likable traits

He acknowledges his superiority by his half-contemptuous manner

The music he extracts from the instrument is as doleful as his expression

It is an example of Dyak shadow-boxing with symphony accompaniment

ing a human enemy with the *supit,* which is the native designation of the poison dart.

Among them marriage is generally for the lifetime of the couple, and sex restraint is maintained, in the captain's opinion, at about the same level with other peoples of the country, the woman maintaining, as a rule, a more notable chastity after marriage than before.

Because of the fact that each Punan community consists mainly of people of the same blood, marriages are seldom contracted between two of its members, but tribes living in the same districts intermarry and thus build up a relationship which binds them into clans covering immense territories. The ceremony usually consists merely of a feast participated in by the families of each of the contracting parties. The elders make long speeches in which the young couple are admonished to thrift and industry, and that is about all there is to it. Usually after the marriage the man goes for a time to live in the wife's community and very often becomes a permanent member of it, though this is by no means a fixed rule. Curiously enough, the young

people seem to regard chastity lightly, and when the girl is about to become a mother the marriage is celebrated. The Punans never build a permanent home but prefer to wander from place to place. For shelter, they erect only the crudest of lean-to thatches, which are constructed wherever they happen to be when night falls. We see many of these as we make our way slowly through the thickets, though we never catch full sight of one of the wary nomads. Once we stop to look over a group of these rude shelters, none of them sufficiently large, it seems to us, to shelter even one person adequately. Much to our surprise, we find under one of them a skeleton,—that of a woman,—all but denuded of flesh. The ants and beetles have been busy with the remains of the unfortunate woman, and there is little left of her but her bones. This, we learn, is the burial custom of the Punans: to leave the deceased in the position in which he died and to strike camp immediately, moving to another place remote from the camp of unpleasant recollections.

Among themselves, the Punans live entirely upon a community basis, each, when successful

in making a kill, bringing the meat into camp and tossing it on the ground in the midst of the circle by the fire, where it is treated as common property. As oftentimes happens, a hunter may bring down game too large or heavy for him to carry home unaided. If this is the case he returns to camp and sits down quietly, making no reference to his success until one or the other of his fellows makes some query as to his luck. At this, the hunter rather modestly remarks that he has left a poor unworthy piece of game in the jungle. His fellows then immediately leave and, following his trail, purposely made very plain and distinct, locate the carcass of the beast and carry it home.

As we progress, the jungle becomes more dense and hilly. We clamber up steep ascents where the footing is most precarious, because of the clayey character of the soil, which after the recent heavy rains has become slippery in the extreme, and makes it necessary at times almost to crawl on all fours. When we encounter these places we seek aid from the creepers and shrubs, literally pulling ourselves up the acclivities. It is while

we are doing such stunts as these that we are introduced to the jungle leeches. They are all about by thousands. First we find them upon our hands and cheeks, but later a moist feeling on our limbs like warm water trickling down them apprises us that all is not as it should be; and upon investigation we find that the ubiquitous little devils have sought out the openings in our puttees and have been lunching at our expense. The glowing tip of a cigarette applied to his leechship makes him lose interest in his dinner, but the wound—a free-bleeding disk an eighth of an inch in diameter—continues to pour forth its red trickle because the serum deposited in the bite by the slimy little pest prevents the coagulation of the blood. The wound therefore continues to bleed for hours, and ofttimes the jungle traveler undresses at night after a most tiring day's hike to find his underclothing and stockings dyed red.

At one o'clock we stop for lunch. Upon the bank of a noisy little stream we find a long-house where live a small community of Dyaks. While the boys set up the folding table and put the

coffee over the fire, we wade out into the stream and sit down upon a rounded stone in water that just reaches our chins. The water is refreshingly cool. We have not bothered to take off our clothing, for it was so soaked with perspiration that a year's immersion in the river could not have made it wetter. We are learning to make no unnecessary work for ourselves. It is too hot. Taking off our clothes to wash first ourselves and then the garments is entirely too much like work with the thermometer at one hundred and ten and the ground steaming all about you. It is much easier to accomplish both at once and let the stream do the work. Ten minutes' soaking makes us feel much better, and we emerge dripping, though one of us—which one being left to conjecture—begins cussing fluently when he finds that he took his bath without due regard for his wrist-watch. The Dyaks gaze at him admiringly as the air in his immediate vicinity becomes lurid with choice invective. The poor devils have no soul-satisfying expletive in their own language and therefore envy us the limpid fluency afforded white men by their own. In proof of this it is

merely necessary to point out that the first words learned by the foreigner when he plants foot upon our shores are the choicer bits of invective, the titbits, so to speak, the lingual safety-valve that prevents our blowing up entirely when things go wrong. A close examination of the watch shows that it stood the wetting pretty well and had not become thoroughly water-logged as we had anticipated. Upon learning this, its owner grins—a little sheepishly we will all admit—and closes the incident with a remark that sounds suspiciously like "It 's damn hot, ain't it?"

CHAPTER IX

A DYAK SWORD-DANCE

LUNCHEON over, we are entertained by the Dyaks of the *kampong,* who, at the captain's suggestion, enact a war-dance for us. One of the younger men hunts up the village guitar, a singular instrument carved from a solid piece of soft wood and fitted with two strings. He crouches before us on the ground with the rude instrument supported on one of his thighs and, while tuning up the contraption, gazes at us with woeful eyes that are badly crossed. The music he extracts from the guitar is as doleful as his expression, and we picture to ourselves the figure he must cut when serenading some Dyak maiden—cross-eyed, in the moonlight—to the accompaniment of the *plink-plank* of his battered "lute."

Meanwhile one of his fellows hunts up a shield and a moment later steps forth, *mandau* in one

hand, shield in the other, and pirouettes about before us, making vicious sweeps with the keen blade, at times receding as though hard pressed by his imaginary enemy, later taking the fight into his adversary's ground and putting him *hors de combat* with a trick crouch and swift upper-slash that is supposed to ruin his enemy's prospects forever. It is an example of Dyak shadow-boxing with symphony accompaniment—a little funny at first, but later, as one studies the lithe brown body twisting and turning before him, he comes to realize that to a man armed only with similar weapons one might be considered a poor risk for life-insurance. Upon hearing that hearty applause our doughty warrior becomes a little embarrassed, to cover which he emits a shrill war-whoop and again engages in imaginary battle, this time with numerous foemen of whom he disposes with despatch, his body moving so rapidly about at times that it is difficult to follow all his movements. Six or seven heads fall to his trusty sword this time; he demonstrates minutely in pantomime the manner in which he customarily decapitates his victims,

and the callous disregard he has for the headless body of a fallen foeman, for he unceremoniously tramples them underfoot as he gathers up his gory trophies and departs to the orchestra row. With the stage thus deserted, another, an older man, draws his *mandau* and, as though to deprecate the younger man's demonstration of the gentle art of head-taking, shows us the really scientific way to do the trick. The old gentleman seems to have made up for loss of agility by increased ferocity of countenance. His demoniac looks would strike terror into the hearts of the tobacconist's most blasé Indian. He howls, snorts, and cavorts rheumatically, while we tremble lest he overexert himself and succumb before subduing his wary enemy. Finally, however, when he is panting with his efforts, he downs his man with a well-directed sweep of the *mandau* and leans upon his shield a moment to gloat over his fallen foeman. His pumping-station is thumping alarmingly, for we can see plainly the bronze skin over it rising and falling spasmodically. He acknowledges his superiority to the previous dancer by his half-condoling, half-

contemptuous manner, as we vigorously applaud his effort to entertain us, and in further token of our appreciation we present an army trench-mirror to each of the dancers. These are accepted gratefully, but a moment later they are taken over by the better halves, who, with the mirrors once in their possession, refuse to give them up.

The performance over, we again set out on our long hike. The terrific heat of midday is upon us, and the going is heartbreaking. Streams of perspiration trickle down our faces and arms, and our heavy canes, carried to assist us in climbing the slippery hills, are saturated with the sweat that runs from our arms and hands. Everything is wet and sticky. Our feet plop and squash in our shoes soddenly. How we wish it would rain! That would at least wash off the perspiration. It is much better to be wet with rain-water than to be as we are. The miles slide by slowly, two of them to the hour, though once we are able to take advantage of a small watercourse that runs in our direction. We walk down the bed of this shallow stream for six or

seven miles before it meanders off in another direction.

Everywhere about us is the interminable jungle, humid, dank with rotting vegetation, but silent now; for its denizens have taken to the deepest cover to escape the afternoon heat. The leaves of shrubs that line our way are shining with moisture, and everywhere the leeches cling in clusters, holding on to the surfaces of the leaves by means of their sucking disks, their bodies twisting and weaving about like the snaky locks of a Medusa. Orchids nestle in the crotches of the trees, where they grow luxuriantly. Though this is not the time of year when they are in full bloom, some of them disport white and yellow blooms, with now and then a purple one for the sake of variety. By this time, all of us have fallen silent. Each of us is busy with his own thoughts. The somnolence about us engenders quietude in us. Though we have much to think about, we strangely avoid speaking, merely keeping place in the line and plodding onward with ears attuned to hear the slightest sound that might come to us. It is a

time when consciousness, always responsive to environment, is tuned to lower key. The snapping of a twig startles one with its sharp report. One looks up suddenly, ascertains the cause of the sudden breaking of the dismal aphony, and returns within his shell. Only once in the whole afternoon is there any change in the monotony. Once one of the Dyaks in the lead stops and signals with cautioning hand for us to halt and maintain our quiet.

In obedience to his wish, we stop dead in our tracks and peer in the direction in which he is gazing, but of course can neither see nor hear anything. He, however, evidently does, as do his fellows, who listen intently for a moment, their jungle-trained senses apprising them of the approach of some one or something. They silently drop the packs of luggage from their shoulders and, taking their spears in one hand, melt into the thicket like bronze wraiths dissolving into the shadows. Five minutes pass, when suddenly wild yells shatter the elegiac stillness, and the crashing of underbrush tells us that they have flushed whatever quarry they were stalking.

A moment later a pig bursts from cover on our right and, before either of us can unlimber a rifle and get a shot at him, disappears in the cover of some dense-growing lantana on our left. He is followed by the Dyaks, who are in close pursuit; but they give up the chase in disgust when they see where he chose his hiding-place. The lantana is virtually impenetrable, and to dislodge the porker would take more time than we can allow. Night will soon be creeping over us, and we wish to reach another *kampong* on the Barito before it becomes too dark to find our way. As it is, the light is failing rapidly and the phosphorescent carpet of the jungle is glowing with ghostly radiance all about us. Just as we are despairing of getting out of the tangles before total darkness, we arrive at the top of a low hill and see before us, not five minutes' walk away, the broad breast of the river shining like a floor of silver in the purples of the evening. The sun is just sinking behind the ranges in the west, and the fires of the *kampong* beckon to us cheerily.

We stifle a cheer when we see the demeanor of the others. In the captain's eyes there is a little

expression of pleasure, but he makes no comment. The Dyaks do not even give the prospect a second look. They knew just where they were. The captain looks at us quizzically. Plainly, the thoughts flitting through his mind are: "Well, how do you like the jungle? Do you feel like doing a hundred miles of this, or will this suffice?" We read his thoughts, and, just to let him know that we are two tough old campaigners, we stiffen up and lie cheerfully, telling him that we enjoyed the hike immensely and wish to set out early on the morrow, when he suggests that we lie over for a day to rest up a little. He smiles appreciatively at this and says he has a pleasant surprise for us in the morning, acting very mysteriously when we importune him as to what it is.

While dinner is being prepared we search out our kit bags and dig out some fresh clothing, throwing to Sam the garments we have worn all day. They land near him with a sodden plop, and he looks up inquiringly at us in regard to them. One word leaves no doubt in his mind regarding our wishes in the matter. *"Basoh,"* is all we say, and turn to go to the river and a bath.

Sam will wash the other clothing immediately after dinner and try to dry them over the fire. The hour scarcely passes before we are comfortably lying on our camp cots clad in fresh pajamas, enjoying the evening coolness and a fragrant pipe. The mosquitos charge *en masse* but, thanks to our nettings, are held at bay, though the menace of their shrill hunting-song, unpleasantly close, bothers us a little.

We shall soon learn, the captain observes, to sleep in one position at night, for if one moves on the narrow cot and brings any part of his anatomy into contact with the close-drawn netting he will awaken to find that he has been feeding a cloud of mosquitos. To illustrate his point, the captain shows us just how he avoids the pests. Immediately he gets upon his cot, his "boy," Somen, tucks the netting well under the blanket the captain lies upon. Meanwhile the captain ascertains with mathematical accuracy the exact middle of the cot, lays his spine along that line, crosses his forearms upon his stomach, and never moves a muscle all night long. After a few nights of torture we, too, acquire the knack of it

and from then on are able to get up in the morning unbitten. True, upon occasion some of the wicked little pests manage to get inside the *klambus,* but we soon discover their presence and rid ourselves of them by the simple expedient of incinerating them. For this we use long wax tapers an eighth of an inch in diameter, a number of which Sam places beneath our air-pillows, beside our matches and smoking-materials. Of course now and then one burns a gaping hole in the netting; but that is of no great moment, for when it occurs we simply rouse Sam from his slumbers, have him bunch the netting up at the burned place, and tie a string around it. He then goes back to his own netting and cusses us roundly but inaudibly, as we compose ourselves for sleep.

CHAPTER X

THE CAPTAIN SPRINGS HIS SURPRISE

IT amazes us to find out in how many places the human body can ache. As we awaken, our first intimation of anything amiss is when we attempt to stretch luxuriously and yawn. The yawn is instantly lost in a wry grimace, and one limb at a time is flexed timorously to see if it is capable of being moved at all without snapping off. Next an arm is tentatively extended with like intention. The captain was right. With all our vaunted hardness, we are evidently paying the price for the long hike of yesterday. We rise slowly to a sitting posture and glance covertly at one another in mutual appraisal. Each of us wants to grin but somehow can't quite make the grade. While we are slowly and painstakingly limbering up, preparatory to dressing, a blessed steam whistle shatters the quiet. The sound

comes from the river. One look in that direction shows us the finest, the most palatial, the greatest-to-be-desired steamboat in the world. The poor, dingy little *Voorwaarts* is making fast to a tree-stump mooring below the *kampong*. Captain Van Wijk, after a whimsical survey of our decrepitude, indicates the steamer and says:

"I ordered the *Voorwaarts* to pick us up here because no one can come here after months of hotel life and stand a march like yesterday's. A short hike this afternoon and one of ten miles to-morrow will take the soreness out. Then you can start out on a longer journey without feeling it."

It is no effort at all to agree with him, and we thank him for his thoughtfulness, making at the same time a mental resolution to take the old-timer's advice in all things in the future. The sweltering heat and terrific humidity have little tricks they like to play on tenderfeet, and we begin to see the reason for the slow, easy-going manner of the white men who reside in Borneo.

While the boys are cleaning up the breakfast

things, we take a short peek at the *kampong*. It is very similar to the one we left yesterday, though its inmates seem to be more fond of pets than any we have seen. Tethered at intervals around it, but out of reach of each other, are some game roosters, a disconsolate-looking horn-bill, two or three jungle pheasants, and a wah-wah monkey. The absurdly proportioned little animal is parked on the vertical side wall of the house by a string tied about the middle, the other end being securely fastened to a beam jutting out from beneath the eaves. As we near him he gazes at us with blazing topaz eyes and chatters volubly in choicest monkeyese. Like all the wah-wah family, his arms are inordinately long, quite reaching his feet when he stands erect. He is one of the tailless variety, too, and the captain tells us that in his opinion the species to which he belongs more nearly approaches the human being than any other.

Our efforts to entice him down the wall meet with no success, though the string that holds him is quite long enough to allow him some freedom on the ground. He darts about over the wall

of the house with the facility of a kitten romping on the floor, but eludes all our attempts to catch him, drawing the slack of the line in so that we are unable to drag him to us with that. While we are discussing him and other species indigenous to Borneo, we turn away to watch the various activities of native life about us. As soon as the wah-wah realizes that he is no longer under observation he becomes miffed and, just to let us know that he is not to be so slighted, leaps without warning from his perch ten feet above our heads and lands on the captain's head, bouncing off again to the wall like a rubber ball, and carrying with him the straw campaign hat Van Wijk wears. The little fellow scrambles up the side of the house to the roof, where he sits down to inspect the hat, and the captain suffers a lingual lapse for the moment. When the wah-wah bares his pearly teeth in a derisive grin at us and then applies them to the edge of the hat, however, Van Wijk finds his tongue and directs some choice epithets in the general direction of the monk, while we try to hide our laughter by turning away. The hat is rescued by the monkey's

owner just in the nick of time. A word from him, coupled with the threat of a long bamboo pole he brandishes, brings the hat tumbling down to us, while the wah-wah scampers to the end of his tether and lays us out to the full extent of his vocabulary.

Shortly after the monkey incident we go aboard the *Voorwaarts* and proceed up-stream toward another *kampong,* where, the captain informs us, we shall leave the steamer and walk about four miles to the fort. On our way there we shall pass through a district where rice planting is in progress; it is interesting, he avers. At one thirty we disembark and soon come to the *kampong,* where from the sounds of drums and loud chanting it is evident that some sort of a feast is in progress.

Here we find that the planting is about to take place. A large area of virgin jungle has been cleared away to provide suitable ground for the paddy-fields. The clearing is accomplished in a crude but efficient manner, so the captain informs us. He says that almost invariably a hillside is chosen, and the thick-growing trees and under-

brush are notched deeply but not felled at first. A triangular area is prepared in this manner, the apex of which lies at or near the top of the hill and near the base of a huge tree if possible. When all the timber in the triangle is prepared and ready to fall, the large tree at the top is then felled, care being taken that it falls downhill, so that it may, in falling, fell those beneath. The fall of this first tree starts what turns into a veritable avalanche, which widens in scope as it progresses until the whole area is reduced to an impenetrable tangle of twisted monarchs of the forest. As the roar of the falling trees increases the Dyaks leap up and down in great exuberance of spirit, seeming to exult in their mastery over the jungle, which topples before them and dies amid a thunderous roar.

It then becomes necessary to wait a week or two for the hot sun to dry the fallen timber so that it may be burned. With this accomplished, the soil, already fertile from many layers of decayed vegetation, is further enriched with wood-ash, and only a little work is necessary to make the ground ready for the paddy. No attempt is

made at plowing, for the Dyaks know nothing of this art. The rice is simply placed in small conical holes in the moist soil after a rain and left to sprout as it will.

We leave the *kampong* with the planting procession, which consists of all the able-bodied adults of the *kampong*. There are several young girls among them, also, and soon after our arrival at the great triangular blackened waste upon the hillside these step to the fore, where they are preceded by an old man armed with a carved iron-wood staff. In this there is a plunge which slides up and down, giving out, when the instrument is raised vertically and dropped suddenly to the ground, a clanking but not unmusical note that blends with the eery chant of the planters. The lower end of this instrument is sharply pointed, and with each clanking note a conical hole is drilled, into which one of the young girls —a virgin, we are informed—drops a few grains of the rice-paddy, which she takes from a small and beautifully woven basket of bamboo fiber. Behind her are two other girls of about her own age, who perform an office of both practical and

superstitious importance. The first of these is armed with a short stick carefully carved with human figures in conjugal embrace, which to the attendant Dyaks is emblematic of fecundity and, it is hoped, will call the attention of the paddy spirits to their hope that the planting will yield a fertile crop. With this stick the girl pushes the seed into the ground and passes to the next hole a foot further on. The third girl follows close behind armed with a similarly carved stick of a pregnant female figure with which she covers the seeds imbedded by her predecessor. In this manner a circuit of the field is made, the chant rising and falling in cadence while the *clank-clanking* of the leader's staff keeps measured time. Upon completion of the triangular circuit all participate in the planting, which may occupy several days, according to the area of the field. As we sit upon a boulder at the side of the field and watch the ceremony, we learn from one of the Dyaks accompanying our party to the fort that it is customary for the women, especially those who are about to become mothers, to take turns at sleeping in the paddy-fields in order that

they may impart to the growing grain some of their own fertility.

Tama Aping,—for that is our informant's name,—upon learning how interested we are in things Dyak, tells us many things about the paddy. He is an oldish man; just how old he is unable to state precisely, but we hazard a guess that his rightful age lies somewhere between fifty and sixty. He squats before us on the ground and tells in his own tongue the manner of caring for the crop and of the last harvest, which he says was a bumper one. A timely question from Van Wijk now and then—the old fellow is prone to wander off the subject—puts him straight, and he unfolds to our eager ears a tale of the harvest which is instructive as well as entertaining.

The *bubuts,* he says, are terrible pests. Captain Van Wijk interjects a word of explanation: "*Bubuts* are a species of cuckoo." These, when the grain is nearing the ripening stage, gather in great swarms to begin their depredations, but the natives erect about the paddy-field poles which support a system of

palm-leaf flappers, which can be kept in motion by a single native stationed at a central point pulling on a strand of rattan connecting the whole. When the harvest is at hand, the women gather the first cuttings, while one of their number kills a fowl and sprinkles its blood over the ripened grain. The rice heads are gathered one at a time and deposited in baskets slung from the shoulders of the harvesters, who are careful to observe the omens, that all may be well with the crop. Should any unusual event occur, such as a woman stumbling over a projecting root or a basket-strap parting and allowing the grain already gathered to fall upon the ground, harvesting is immediately discontinued, to be resumed only after suitable offering has been made to the spirits. This offering usually takes the form of a pig, the blood of which is sprinkled on the standing grain. To our query regarding their provision for the next year's crop, Tama Aping says that only the most fertile women are allowed to select and gather the seed-grain, as the Dyaks firmly believe that there is a close bond existing between the females and the fruitful paddy.

The old man says that it is very bad luck for a man to touch or handle the seed-grain, and should such a thing occur the next crop would be sure to fail.

When the harvest is complete, the long-house is declared taboo for a space of eight days, during which time all are busy carrying the grain from the heaps at the side of the field to the paddy-bins in small covered inclosures erected for that purpose. The seed-grain previously selected is mixed with some reserved from the previous seasons in order that at the next planting there may be included seed-grain from several successful crops. This grain is stored in a special basket which is never emptied, the idea being that the basket always contains some of the original stock, and it, being the parent grain of the whole, leavens the newer grain with its virility.

With the grain safely stored away, the entire community gives itself over to a great feast. *Tuak,* the native fermented drink, is prepared in quantity, and if the crop has been unusually good the neighboring villages are invited to attend. After numerous thank-offerings have

been made to the spirits there begins a round of gaiety which, with the circulation of the potent *tuak,* becomes a carnival of boisterous goings-on. At this time the lid is lifted, so to speak, as regards the younger people, and even in the case of the married ones it is commonly tilted far beyond its customary limits. Usually by the second day of the feast it assumes the proportions of a wild orgy, in which alarming license prevails, and gross breaches of marital bonds, which would at any other time be severely punished, pass unnoticed. At these times many of the women doff their modest garments and disport themselves in the scant attire of the men, much to the amusement of all who march up and down the long veranda of the house, carrying their paddy-pestles, while the young men and almost nude girls, imitating the men, dance amusingly.

At these times the dancing has no religious or ritualistic significance, but is indulged in merely as an expression of exuberance of spirits. It is not characteristic of the Dyak to indulge too freely in the cup that cheers, but at these times, under the spell of the season, he is liable to cast

aside his usual temperate habits and become thoroughly and satisfyingly inebriated. In the main the Dyaks are not quarrelsome, but should one of their number forget himself to that extent his fellows good-naturedly truss him up and deposit him upon a sleeping pad within one of the "doors," where he promptly drops into a drunken stupor.

After purchasing the staff used by the man leading the procession and the other implements used in the ceremony, we again take up the trail toward the fort. The going is much easier now, for the numerous villages in its environs are connected by a military pathway nearly six feet wide, which is kept in repair by the natives in the neighborhood. The road leads through unbroken jungle for a time, and once to a ford in a gushing stream that is almost impassable owing to the recent rain. We struggle through this quite up to our armpits in the water, which moves so swiftly that we are hard put to maintain our footing, but emerge on the other side safely and a little refreshed by the stream's coolness.

As we near the townsite of Poeroek Tajoe, the

outlying truck-garden of the Chinese checkerboard the hillsides, and the women tilling the fields along the roadway stop in their labors to gaze at us from beneath broad bamboo hats, from the edges of which black cloth borders droop like lamp-shade drapes. The appearance of the Chinese women is ludicrous. Dressed in black pajamas the trousers of which terminate abruptly half-way down the calves, guiltless of foot-covering and crowned with immense, floppy-draped hats, they gaze at us with true Oriental impassivity until, at some sally of our men, their faces become wreathed in what passes muster for smiles. Some of their smiles are awful. None of them, though,—for what reason we do not know, except that of advancing years,—are overburdened with teeth, and most of the women of the farms have cavernous mouths apparently unencumbered with any visible dental equipment. Some of them have tiny babies slung upon their humped-over backs, whose big almond eyes gaze wonderingly at us as we pass. Only once do we encounter any of the Chinamen at work in the fields. It seems to be the prerogative of the

women to engage in that form of diversion, while the men labor in the stores about the town. All of them seem sufficiently happy, however, for at present the Woman's Rights Union has not established a "local" in central Borneo.

The smile that wreathes Sam's ebon visage as we reënter our club-room quarters is positively idiotic. He has visions of a life of luxurious ease in town, with no more journeys such as the little one just finished. Just that we may enjoy the desolate anguish, which we know the news will bring him, we tell him that to-morrow we shall set out for a month's journey northward, garnishing the information with some rather hectic details. The fib has the desired effect. Sam looks almost ready to go out to the garden and eat worms. He is so downcast at the prospect that we relent a little and tell him that possibly we shall stay in town two or three days, at which he brightens somewhat; but never again during our entire stay in Borneo does he essay that awful beatific smile. He cannot quite figure out what was ailing him when he signed on for such a trip.

CHAPTER XI

WE ENTER THE SILENCES

TWO days have passed. Everything has been made ready for departure up river, and Sam is in the dumps. He really does not expect to return alive, for while we have been loafing in Poeroek Tajoe he has been talking with some of the inhabitants and has learned that the tribes that live in the unexplored sections through which we shall pass are bloodthirsty in the extreme and seldom permit intrusions of their domain.

At noon of the third day we go aboard the little *Voorwaarts* which is to take us to Mangakoi, above which village the river is impassable to craft larger than canoes. From that point on, we shall be left much to our own resources, except that Captain Van Wijk has armed us with *surats,* or letters to the various chiefs along our route. These letters command that aid be

given us in the matter of transporting our equipment and that we be entertained as all guests of the Government should be.

It has rained every night of late, and the river is so swollen that the little steamer makes poor headway against the current, but we finally come to the head of navigation of the Barito at sundown two days later, where we find the inmates of the long-house assembled to receive us. News of our coming has been flashed ahead of our arrival by that incomprehensible, mysterious mode of communication so useful to the Dyaks. News has been known to cross the island in less than twenty-four hours, though by what means, the authorities are unable to state. Whether it travels in part by word of mouth, smoke-signals, or partly buried drums which transmit their vibrations to the earth, no one intimately familiar with the habits of the Dyaks is prepared to say, but the fact remains that the government men are often surprised to find that oral messages they presumably sent by runner are delivered without the carrier having left the fort.

The whole character of the country-side is now changed. Steep ridges of time-eroded limestone break the monotony of the more level country we have left behind, and the jungle on either hand is darker and forbidding. The little *kampong,* which consists of one long-house and two smaller buildings, seems about to be crowded into the silent flowing river by the encroaching jungle. While Sam is preparing the evening meal we ramble into the jungle along a scarcely discernible pathway on a little exploring expedition to limber up muscles cramped from the previous days on the *Voorwaarts.* The carpet of the forest is aglow with the green ghost-fires of decaying vegetation, and the will-o'-the-wisps dance eerily over dank pools of slime where the marsh gases collect. Not a sound breaks the aphony. We light our little acetylene lanterns and affix them to our pith helmets, for with the setting of the sun the forest is immediately plunged in inky blackness. This is a time when the Dyaks seldom wander far away from home, for they are all extremely superstitious and believe that malign spirits come from their haunts

at nightfall to capture and take possession of the unwary.

Once we are startled by the mournful note of an owl, who hoots softly somewhere near us. Though we instantly recognize the sound, it jars the nerves somewhat because of our creepy environment; and we make mental comment on the effect of sinister or unfamiliar surroundings on humans. Those things, the causes of which we fully understand, no matter what surprising effects they produce, never impress the mind with any sense of dread; but the unfamiliar, whether it be surroundings or a hitherto unknown phenomenon, usually implants in the mind a dread of an impending danger and fear. The dull crash of an invisible something falling on our right halts us in our tracks, and, though we know that there are no dangerous animals in Borneo with the possible exception of the orang-utan and rhinoceros, we decide that we have progressed far enough from the long-house. It is entirely "on the cards" that we may lose our way and be forced to spend the night alone in the thickets. Men have been known to be lost for days within

three miles of their camps in this country, for the unvarying sameness, with no chance of getting a sky-line landmark for a bearing, makes it necessary to go entirely by compass unless one is gifted with the inborn sense of direction common with the jungle people.

The thick springy carpet underfoot retains no impression of footprints, but our lamps brilliantly illuminate the little pathway, which later we learn is the one leading to the paddy-field belonging to the village. It is the one we shall take in leaving the long-house on the next lap of our journey.

We spend a pleasant evening with the chief and his family who, surrounded by the other members of the little colony, gaze wide-eyed at the illustrations in one of the books we have brought with us. They grasp the meaning of the tall buildings pictured therein with but little explanation on our part and ply us with questions regarding our country.

From the chief we learn there is a large long-house two days distant called Hanangan, and from his description of it and the people living

there we decide to take the slight detour necessary to visit it.

Accordingly we set out the next morning in a drizzling rain with some men carrying our equipment. As on our first experience in jungle travel, the pathway dwindles to nothingness after leaving the neighborhood of the long-house, for the fast-growing jungle keeps ahead of the puny efforts of the natives to subdue it, and after leaving the paddy-field, which is planted nearly three quarters of a mile from the house, we are again slowly cutting our way forward. The way now leads over a succession of steep ridges, up which we scramble, clinging every now and then to projecting roots for assistance. The thick clayey soil is almost grease-like. The heat becomes terrific and the going positively killing. As we reach the top of each acclivity we pause to look around, but it is always the same. The jungle is as thick on top of the ridges as below, and we only see the sky at intervals. Each gulch between the ranges forms the bed of a rushing stream through which we must wade, and many times we are forced to follow the watercourse

for a little distance before finding a place shallow enough to ford. The jungle seems devoid of bird or animal life, though the Dyaks assure us that they will secure some wild fowl for us when we stop to camp at nightfall.

With the late afternoon we come to the junction of two streams, where we get a glimpse of a relatively broad expanse of sky. It is of a dull leaden color, and, though the drizzle of rain has ceased, the Dyaks gaze about apprehensively and converse among themselves. Their leader comes to us with the information that there is a great storm approaching and that hasty preparations must be made to provide suitable shelter for the night. They tell us that it may be necessary to spend the next day at this spot, and so we order them to go ahead with their camp-making with all haste. We are mindful of our resolution of a few days ago to take the advice of the old-timers in the country. They know.

The men immediately fall to constructing a shelter for us, which in a surprisingly short time takes the form of a really substantial thatch-roofed structure with a floor raised well above

the ground. They tie the poles of its framework together with strips of bark, and soon we have a house which is apparently as solid as one held together with nails, though there has not been one of these used in its construction. For side walls, we arrange two of our heavy tarpaulins on the windward sides. It seems that the storm held off just for our accommodation. Almost the moment the shelter is complete, it strikes. Never before in all our experience have we ever encountered a rain like this one. The water descends in solid sheets, but the hastily erected shack sheds it beautifully.

Sam and the Dyaks find shelter below, literally on the ground floor, and soon the charcoal stove is smoking in preparation for a warm meal. There is no wind to speak of; that will come later, the men say, and then we shall be cold. In fact, the air is a little chilly, for the downpour seems to cool things off considerably; and in contrast to the terrible heat of midday the change is striking. Our wet clothes cling clammily to us as we sit beneath our shelter, our eyes trying to pierce the impenetrable wall of descending water out-

side. With the chill comes the realization that dry clothing is the thing, and so we order up our duffle-bags and dig out some dry garments, which add greatly to our comfort. Hot tomato-soup fresh from the tin, and a corking mess of corned beef hash washed down with black coffee, buck us up to the extent that we are not only thoroughly comfortable but positively cheerful. We can even whistle, but we decide that is a waste of time when we remember the perfectly good Dutch cigars in hermetically sealed tins that but await the smoking.

The rain is just settled down to its business by now. One of us looks out and upward, pointing as he does so, mentioning to one of the Dyaks, "*Hujan lebat,*" meaning heavy rain. The man grins in agreement and, by way of casting further light upon the matter, makes remark to the effect that there is a hole in the sky and the river is coming through. Any one with half an eye can see that he is right in his surmise, and so we cannot argue the point with him.

Throughout the night the downpour is constant. It never even hesitates. We roll up in

our damp blankets, from which after twenty minutes of occupancy a thin steam arises, made visible by the cold white glare of the acetylene lamp hanging from the ring-pole of our shelter. Outside and above, the roar of the descending torrent obliterates all other sound, and when we converse we are forced to raise the tone of our voices slightly to be easily heard. One thing we are thankful for is the absence of mosquitos. The rain is ruining their night's hunting. The Dyaks are making out well. They have been busy weaving *attaps,* or plaited squares of palm-leaves, and placing them about the lower portion of our shack, and have in this way made themselves a snug retreat that is as dry as one could wish.

Morning finds the downpour still on the job, though now a little abated. There is no immediate sign of the weather clearing, however, and so we make up our minds to stay put and thank our stars that we have so snug a place in which to pass the day. That our diet may be varied a little, two of the Dyaks have gone to the larger of the streams nearby and caught some fish, though by

what means we do not learn at the time. Later it becomes apparent that they make use of hooks of bone cunningly fashioned from the rib-bones of a snake, using for a line a strand of twisted bark-fiber. When we learn how crude their fishing-tackle is we present them with some snelled hooks and a hank of perfectly good Cuttyhunk line, which gift earns for us their dog-like devotion. It becomes patent to us that we have overlooked a bet in this respect, for had we known beforehand of the great desirability of steel hooks and even the cheapest kind of fishing-line we should have laid in a stock for trading purposes.

To while away the hours we question the men regarding their daily pursuits and learn that among all of the tribes living within reasonable distance of the fort many jungle products are gathered and disposed of to the ubiquitous Chinamen, who give in exchange the gaudy yard-goods from which the Dyak women fashion their garments, and other commodities from the outside world. Gutta-percha and camphor form a large part of these exports, which command good prices

at the traders' stores which can usually be encountered at the junctions of large rivers or in unusually large settlements. Igan, the bright young fellow who tells us in perfect Malay about the produce of the country, has been to Poeroek Tajoe and is regarded as a learned person by his fellows. He tells us that once or twice a year a party of men and boys goes out into the upper forests, where the jungle is much drier, in search of these products. His description of gathering gutta is interesting, and in this connection he says that the tree from whose sap the gum is made is felled and girdled at intervals of a foot or less on both the trunk and branches. The thick white sap that drips from these places where the bark has been removed is collected in cups made from leaves. When a sufficient amount of the viscid fluid has been collected, a pot is set upon the fire, in which the rapidly coagulating sap is heated with salt water. This treatment solidifies the gutta to some extent, making it of a slightly rubbery though mealy consistency, after which it is molded into slabs two inches thick by a foot in length and eight

inches wide. It is then ready for the trader, who pays the equivalent of one dollar a pound for it.

The camphor is gathered from the clefts and crevices of the partly decayed trees. These are chopped down, he says, and, after being cut up into short sections, are split into thin pieces, from which the flakes of crystal camphor are shaken upon their bamboo sleeping-mats. This is a very lucrative pursuit, we learn, for the Chinese buy it readily at the rate of thirty dollars a pound, though of course such purchase is always paid for with trade-goods, on which the wily Celestial makes a considerable profit. Rattan, too, forms a valuable product of the jungle, and Igan says that even now he and some of his fellows have a great raft of it ready for transport down river. His *proempoen,* or woman, also has prepared a large quantity of the red wax-like dragon's-blood, or coloring-matter of commerce, from the yellow fruit of the rattan. This she prepared by cooking the fruit, which changes in color by boiling.

The rain continues late into the night; but on the following day the sun breaks forth, and we

make a belated departure because of the fact that some of the men had gone into the jungle to try their luck at hunting. Our progress, difficult before, is now almost disheartening. Every depression in the ground is filled with water, and the streams we come to every few minutes, it seems, are swollen far beyond their banks. Twice we are forced to fell trees across them in order that we may pass.

Mid-afternoon is at hand when we hear a peculiar thrumming sound coming through the jungle ahead of us. It sounds like a somewhat discordant marimbaphone played amateurishly. Soon we break out of the thicket into a fairly good pathway, which tells us we are nearing Hanangan, our present destination. A few minutes' walk down this path brings us to a clearing, where we learn the cause of the strange sound which so intrigued our curiosity. Here we find gathered a reception committee sent from the *kampong* to welcome us. There are seven men and two boys in the party. Each of the men is burdened with a long bamboo pole, on the lower end of which is a conical wooden cap, while the

upper end carries a resonant bamboo tube of larger diameter than the haft of the instrument. The poles are carried in a vertical position and give out, when raised and struck forcibly on the ground, a musical note each corresponding to one of the seven notes of the Dyak musical scale. As we enter the clearing the strange orchestra plays with increasing vigor, and we recognize a queer melody or cadence running through the musical offering as one we have heard the men humming to themselves about camp. The rhythm is strangely intriguing, and we rest for a moment to listen. The scene is sufficiently bizarre to interest a wooden Buddha—around, above, everywhere, in the dripping jungle, here in the little clearing, seven bronze head-hunters, nude save for clouts of brown bark-cloth, playing the strangest orchestral instrument we have ever seen, in welcome of the stranger white men. Each thumps his instrument on the ground at just the proper moment to fit in with the music, and all keep a wary eye upon their leader, who is a lean, wiry, tusk-bedecked person, whose sole purpose in life, at least for the moment, is to

render the most artistic performance possible. All of the players are weaponless. This is in direct contravention of their usual custom, for the Dyak and his *mandau* or sword are inseparable. It is but another indication of the friendly welcome extended to us, and we reflect a little shamefacedly on the forty-fives hanging so conveniently at our belts. Still, upon reflection we remember that it is only because of the strong hand of the white man that we are able to visit these people in such security, and were that hand to loosen its grip in any degree such a trip as ours would be perilous in the extreme if not positively fatal in outcome.

Finally, with the completion of the second piece, the musicians wheel into line and precede us down the pathway to the river, where many canoes are awaiting us. We scramble into these and are ferried across the river to the long-house which stands at the top of a low bluff on the other side. It is the largest house we have yet visited, being nearly two hundred feet in length. The clearing in front of it is swarming with people, who, as we mount the bluff, fall back to make

way for us, apparently with great respect, while the chief comes forth to welcome us with outstretched hand. This form of greeting has surprised us, for we expected to find some other form in vogue among such a primitive people. He grasps our hands heartily and firmly, just as if he meant it,—no flabby handshake here,—and we like the old fellow on the instant. He leads us to the veranda of the long-house and tells us in fair Malay that we are to consider his poor house as our own as long as we may wish to confer the honor of our presence upon the community. Not to be outdone in courtesy, we reply rather elaborately, and from the belief that here indeed we shall spend a most enjoyable visit.

In order that we may not discommode the chief's family to any unnecessary extent, we decline his proffer of his own apartment in the long-house, and take possession of the end of the veranda just outside his door. The space is ample, for the veranda is nearly fifteen feet wide, and our cots and cooking paraphernalia take but little room. More dry clothing is dug from the duffle-bags, and after a bath in the

It takes the form of a substantial thatched structure

Igam, who is considered by his fellows as a learned individual

As we enter the clearing the strange orchestra plays with increased vigor

We like the old fellow on the instant

river we return to the house, where we learn that with the morrow a great feast will begin in our honor. Word has been sent to the surrounding long-houses within a day's journey, so that all the Dyaks of the district may become acquainted with the visiting white men.

Already the women are about the tasks attendant upon the preparation of the feast, and much *tuak* is in readiness. Quantities of areca and betel-nut and lime are placed at intervals along the veranda, and much tobacco is also ready to be passed among the guests when they arrive. It is noteworthy that when we sit down to our dinner, of which Sam, for some unaccountable reason, has made a real success, our hosts leave us and are very careful not to appear curious. In many matters they show a regard for the fitness of things which would do credit to other peoples generally conceded to be many rounds above them on the ladder of culture.

Played out by the long hike, we retire at an early hour undisturbed by the boisterous goings-on of a group of younger people, who seem to be practising some kind of a circular dance at the

other end of the veranda. Before turning in we stroll down to them clad in our pajamas and slippers and just escape being dragged into the center of the frolic by laughing naiads who seize our hands and playfully try feminine coercion. After extracting from us promises that we will join them the next evening, they release us, and we sleep soundly until the morning hubbub of yapping dogs, squealing pigs, crowing chickens, and all the noises of a busy *kampong* wakens us.

CHAPTER XII

THE FEAST AT HANANGAN

THE earliest indication of dawn finds the *kampong* awake, for the Dyaks are early risers. A dip in the river "peps us up," and, with a substantial breakfast stowed away, we are ready for almost anything. The guests are beginning to arrive. They drift into the clearing from all directions, and several parties arrive by river, coming in proas which they have gaily decorated for the occasion. All come to us and greet us warmly. Shortly after nine the festivities begin. The opening of the feast proper is signalized by the appearance of several grotesquely dressed figures which appear from the jungle on the opposite side of the stream in a small clearing. This little open space forms a stage for their performance, which is as weird and bizarre a proceeding as one could wish to see.

Each of the ghost-dancers—for that we are

informed is what they are—is dressed in a complete covering of shredded palm-leaves made especially for the occasion. Their heads are hidden by large masks carved to represent the Dyak conception of the departed spirits of some of their great warrior ancestors. Though at some distance from the spot where we all gather to witness the performance, we are able to discern their movements clearly, and the scene becomes indelibly stamped upon the memory because of its utter novelty. A group of musicians who beat tuned gongs furnish the music for the dancers. We cannot see them, for they remain hidden in the jungle, but the weird cadence of the music completes the illusion that we are in an outdoor theater. There is an unreality about it all. Somehow the drooping background of the jungle which incloses the clearing on three sides assumes the appearance of a set background in a theater. Excited murmurs run through the audience clustered round us watching. The children gaze at the spectacle wide-eyed and, in the case of the younger ones, fearfully. These, we are told, are the malign spirits of the greatest

killers of the ancient tribes, who will soon endeavor to attend the feast. Should the medicine-man or magician of the tribe fail to drive them away by his shady arts, it will be an ill omen, and some untoward incident will mar the feast.

Slowly they march up and down the clearing with measured tread for a time then, as the music quickens, they turn about and face us in single line, each depicting in his own manner the terrible slaughter he will do in the village when he crosses the river. The grotesque figures sway in unison now and begin a slow advance toward the river, and we scan the faces of our hosts to see how they are enjoying the show. Much to our surprise, we find the faces of the Dyaks show a little concern. This is understandable in the children, but in the grown-ups we are somewhat taken aback. The whole thing is, we know, a familiar rite to them, but it appears to be taken more seriously than we had at first thought. It shows us how deep-rooted superstition is in these simple people. To them the dancers represent a very real contingency, one that may arise almost any time. Underneath their enjoyment of

the thing is the latent dread of the spirits, and their faces show it. The medicine-man now comes to the fore, armed with his array of charms. He rattles these like castanets, bunches of them, meanwhile droning a queer chant. On the opposite side of the stream the dancers apparently become befuddled in their advance and run backward and forward aimlessly for a moment. A great shout goes up from the Dyaks at their discomfiture. This seems to break the spell for a moment, and the dancers recover their wits and again try to approach the river. A renewed exorcism on the part of our protecting sorcerer halts them for a second time, and the dancers, from their antics and absurd contortions, seem to be restrained in their advance by an invisible barrier, past which they cannot move. The eyes of the younger people about us now shine with gratification; and, as the dancers finally give up their attempt to cross the river and return to the screening thickets, the Dyaks give vent to loud cheers, and all dance and hop about in great exuberance of spirits.

It is evident that the magic of the sorcerer

has saved the village from malign influence for at least the duration of the feast, and all are happy. Our Dyak Merlin struts by us toward the long-house up a lane that his people respectfully open through their midst. He retires majestically to his "black chamber" doubtless to concoct some more of his fantastic foolishness for later demonstration of his powers. The old boy is all right. He gets away with it, so more power to him. We have some magic of our own which later we shall trade him for information on the customs and habits of his people. Then, after we are gone, he can "spring" the new stuff on his congregation and collect more publicity. Somewhere in our outfit is a small can of luminous paint which has the property of soaking up sunlight in the daytime and glowing all night with a green ghostly radiance. He ought to unburden himself of a lot of folk-lore stories and possibly throw in a handful of his funny charm sticks and stones for that.

After the ghost-dance the people congregate on the long veranda of the house, and, though the young ones romp about and play, the elders are

content to sit around and "reminisce," if one may be allowed the term. Before long, the women spread broad banana-leaves upon the floor in a double row, and great wooden bowls of boiled rice and cooked bananas are set at intervals upon them, after which all are called to the meal. While the men—two hundred of them or more—eat, the women stand aside and gossip, or, in the case of those who live in the house, refill the bowls emptied by the hungry horde. The amount of provender the men put away is prodigious, but the true housewifely spirit shown by the women of the *kampong* is good to see. They are just as solicitous for the comfort and full enjoyment of their guests as the most entertaining of our society matrons.

While the meal is in progress our host the chief rises from his place at the end of the "board" and takes a double handful of rice, which he carries to the doorway. He stands there for a moment with chin upraised in silence; then, with a muttered ritual spoken in so low a tone that it is almost inaudible, he casts the rice out upon the ground as an offering to the spirits. His

The ghost-dancers

He retires to his "black chamber" to concoct some more foolishness

The old woman who danced with the chicken shows us their most prized trophy

The proceeding is a very solemn one

lean bronze body, with arms extended, silhouetted against the light, is the cynosure of all eyes for the moment. The Dyaks hold silence while he makes the offering. He no sooner turns from the doorway than a most unholy hubbub comes up from below. The spirits have pounced upon the offering, and a dozen canine stomachs are slightly better off for it, though some of them accumulated additional scars in the scramble.

In the *kampong* there seems to be at least one dog for every human inmate, and these, augmented in number by those come to the feast with their masters from other *kampongs,* just about take command of the situation. One has to be continually avoiding them, for they have a nasty habit of snapping at the shins of any one who tries to brush them aside with his foot. The Dyaks treat them with scant ceremony, and the air is stabbed momentarily with wild yelps and cries as some poor hungry animal essays a foray on a heap of rice from which the owner has turned while conversing with his neighbor. One persistent yellow mongrel so succeeds in exasperating a husky young buck that he grasps the

luckless pup by the scruff of the neck and hurls him through the long opening that lights the veranda. There is a dull thud as the poor beast lands on the ground below, and a chorus of yells from the dogs that witness their playmate's nose dive; and the injured one drags himself away to nurse his hurts and save funeral expenses. There seems to be one continual succession of fights between them; and the barking, yelping, snarling packs race up and down the veranda, in and out of the living-quarters of the families, in pursuit of those who have captured either a sizable chunk of sago cake or a roasted banana too large to be gulped down while running for his life to a hiding-place where he can eat at leisure.

After the meal is over some of the men erect a pole at the far end of the veranda, where the young set were dancing last night. It is a section of a young tree trunk nearly a foot in diameter. They fasten this securely in place in their accustomed fashion, with strong withes and strips of twisted bark. Later they decorate it with leaves

and ferns, as is also done with the walls which inclose that end of the broad porch.

After the decorations are in place there begins a general movement of the guests in that direction. In order that we may not miss anything that may now occur, we, too, go to that end of the veranda, where room is made for us among the Dyaks who have squatted down upon the floor just outside of the decorated area. A *gamelan* or series of gongs has been arranged at one side, and two of the men take up the padded sticks they play them with, in readiness for the beginning of festivities. Two other objects have been added to the setting that we had not noticed. Trussed up securely with rattan hobbles and lying at the foot of the tree trunk "May-pole" is a large pig, which evidently is a candidate for sacrifice; and hanging by its feet from a peg driven in the pole is a chicken, which raises its head from time to time and gives utterance to a remonstrative cluck or two while it gazes with an apprehensive eye at the squatting semicircle of swarthy natives.

We have not long to wait. Some one calls out from an inner room, and an old crone—she must be seventy years of age if appearances count for anything—comes out and starts a high-pitched eery chant while the *gamelan* takes up its mellow booming in accompaniment. The old woman carries a beautifully woven basket, from which she takes handfuls of rice and sprinkles it over the heads of the audience while continuing the chant. When the basket is emptied she casts it aside and begins a wild dance, in which her body is contorted spasmodically, her hands weaving and twisting about her head and clawing at her long gray hair, which soon hangs down in unkempt straggling locks partly covering her face. The assemblage is strangely silent. But for the sound of the *gamelan* and the chant of the dancer, the dropping of a pin might be heard. Every eye is riveted upon her. She bends over and draws a *mandau* from its scabbard at the side of one of the men in the first row and continues her dance, depicting all the blood-lust of a battle-maddened warrior; and excited murmurs run through the throng of onlookers, who take

up her chant with savage enthusiasm. All are now swaying to the rhythm of the *gamelan.* A younger woman slips from within the doorway at the side, and, while the older one still continues her mad sword-dance, contorting her features in a demoniac frenzy, her eyes staring wide and glinting insanely, she unhooks the chicken from its hanging-place upon the pole and places it in the hands of the old woman. The crone drops the *mandau* upon the floor and whirls about the pole, calling and shrieking now as though importuning the shades of departed generations to witness what is taking place. She passes along the seated row of men in front, touching each of them upon the head with the body of the fowl, and then returns to the center of the stage. There she stops, looks for a moment down the veranda, her eyes vacant and focused on infinity, then slowly and deliberately twists the head from the luckless bird and thrusts the red spouting fountain of its severed neck into her mouth, drinking its life-blood to the last drop. The Dyaks are spell-bound. The *gamelan* is still. All eyes are frozen on the old woman. Slowly, when the

fowl has ceased its convulsive quivering, she relaxes her hands and allows it to fall upon the floor. She drags a blood-besmeared hand across her face, which has stamped upon it the awful horror of insanity. She sways slightly as though her limbs were no longer capable of supporting her withered body and sinks to the floor in a trembling but inert heap.

Though the others have risen to their feet, some of them bearing the woman to the inner room, we sit silent for the moment. The blood-dance has left us—well, flabbergasted. No wonder, we think, is the Dyak bloodthirsty. The awful spectacle of an aged woman engaging in such an orgy, which for its purpose is presented to the men of the *kampong*, young and old alike, to keep alive the blood-lust and show the fighting men of the tribes that their oldest women are not cravens, but exult in blood! The words of the captain recur to our memory. The restraining hand of the white man would be removed only a very short time until the Dyaks would be collecting heads again. We leave the veranda for a breath of fresh air outside. In the clearing

some sort of further diversion is being planned.

In the center of the broad frontage of the long-house they have erected a bamboo stockade shaped like the letter V. It is open at both ends and is strongly braced from the outside by solid posts set at an angle to it into the ground. Not far distant, three men are busy planting a heavy post in the ground. The hole to receive it is nearly five feet deep. They place the post in this and carefully tamp the earth about it, testing its solidity now and then by putting their weight against it. While they are busy at this, another group bring from the jungle a young carabao or water-buffalo, driving the docile beast before them. The animal is not tied or fettered in any way, and their purpose is now plain to us. They intend driving him into the little corral and there securing him with a strong rope of twisted rattan. This is a relatively dangerous procedure, for the carabao, though normally a docile enough creature, can become, when enraged, a formidable antagonist. He enters the corral readily enough, and they succeed in tying the rattan about his horns; but when they try

to guide him over to the post they have just finished planting there is trouble, and it takes two dozen to accomplish their purpose.

A little further on a roasting-pit has been prepared and the fire is leaping up among the granite boulders with which it is partly filled. We now realize the full import of the preparations. The carabao will be barbecued, and his demise is imminent. By what method he is to die, we should never have surmised or even believed if it were not that we witness it with our own eyes. All the younger men of the *kampong* now gather in a circle around the post to which the unlucky beast is tethered, though just out of its reach. One of their number darts in and stabs it with his knife and gets away before the bewildered animal can wheel and attack him. This is repeated by the others until the carabao lowers his head and charges around the circle, care being taken by all to strike in places that will only infuriate the animal and not mortally wound it.

We turn away, for the scene is too inhumanly brutal to witness. One thing is noticeable. None of the women are about the clearing, but

While the *gamelan* takes up its mellow booming

Care being taken only to wound the carabao to infuriate it

Baptizing the children with water, dripped from a human skull

Two men rap the bars together with quick time

we find, just as we are crediting them with some humane impulses, that they are all to the last mother's daughter of them taking in the show from the long narrow window of the veranda. Suddenly a loud cry goes up, and we find that the sufferings of the poor beast have been put to an end by what they evidently consider an unfortunate knife-thrust which severed the creature's jugular. Each of the men goes now to the spot where it lies, and one of the boys, who later turns out to be the son of the chief, scoops up a palmful of the blood and goes to each of the men in turn, dipping his index-finger-tip into it, and places a red splotch upon their foreheads. During the skinning and quartering of the carcass, all who participate—and all are eager—seem to vie with each other to besmear themselves to the greatest possible extent, with the result that when they return to the house they are a terrifying spectacle. Their gory appearance seems to be a thing of great pride to them, and we catch the girls looking admiringly at them as they strut about.

While the carabao is roasting in the pit,—and

one must admit that the odor of his cooking is a savory one,—the women and children gather in the center of the clearing and kneel upon their haunches, while the old woman who danced on the veranda again comes to the fore. She has apparently suffered no ill effects from her violent exertion of the morning and now begins what the chief describes to us as the coming-out party of some of the children. Each year at the giving of a great feast some of the little boys are admitted to manhood and a few of the baby girls are baptized after the Dyak custom. The rite that is now in progress is the beginning of that ceremony. The women kneeling are the mothers of the *kampong,* and the old crone sprinkles them with rice while she utters a prayer to the spirits. The proceeding is a very solemn one, and while it is in progress no one speaks aloud. It is of short duration, and upon its completion all rise and go into the house while the men line the lower end of the *kampong* clearing near a rickety fence designed to keep the pigs from straying in the jungle and squat there as though waiting for something to happen. We, too, follow suit,

and, sure enough, in a moment one of the young married women—and, by the way, the most comely of the lot—comes from the house carrying in her hand what appears to be a large tuft of dried grass tied around a cocoanut.

Upon closer inspection, we find the cocoanut to be a human one, probably relinquished by its former owner during a little argument regarding its desirability. It is a human skull decorated with raffia, and upon inquiry we find it to be the carefully preserved memento of a terrific battle waged but a few years before between its original owner and three men of Hanangan. According to all accounts, it took the three of them to collect the trophy, and only one of them survived the passage at arms. The enemy warrior was a great battler and accounted a very brave man, and so his skull is a treasured relic of the fight. Now the drums are brought into action as befits a martial demonstration. The *gamelan* is silent. The wild savage booming of the drums stirs the blood, and it is with quickened pulse that we watch the girl with the skull begin to dance up and down the clearing. She has a *mandau* belted

about her waist, which she draws and flourishes as she dances. In her dance we can see the cat-like spring of the wary fighting men and the cold courage of the wounded, who, despite their hurts, continue to battle until conquered. She tells in pantomime the story of the historic battle, and then, casting the *mandau* aside, takes the grisly trophy between both hands, elevates it above the level of her eyes slightly, and dances to it, at first slowly, then with rising tempo as the drums beat a quickened time, until her twisting, whirling body darts about so rapidly that the expression of her face is lost. One is reminded of the gloating *Salome* as she stops to gaze at the grinning white-bleached thing she holds at arm's-length. She is the most savage picture imaginable. While we look at her spell-bound for the moment, her face contorts in ribald mockery of the skull as though she, the woman, is saying: "I hold you, a great warrior, in the hollow of my hand. From me you came, a weakling, grew to greatness, only to return to me in weakness and be cast aside." She drops the skull upon the ground, spurns it, and the dance is

over. Unattended, she returns to the house, but the others all turn to the river. The chief has picked up the skull and leads the way to the platform of logs which forms a canoe landing by the river bank. Here we watch the baptismal ceremony. Several of the kiddies accompanied by their parents are in waiting, and the father of each takes the child and totally immerses it; then, while the mother holds the youngster, he dips the decorated skull, raffia and all, into the water and allows it to drip upon the head and shoulders of the infant.

This, so we are informed, is believed to transfer to the male child a portion of the stamina and fighting courage of the dead warrior. As to the little girls, it is sure to make them mothers of strong and virile men. No youth is allowed to become a fighting man among these people unless he has been anointed by this ceremony.

After the last of the children have been baptized we all return to the house, where many games are in progress. Some of the men are engaged in what appears to be a very dangerous pastime. Crouching on the ground, holding the

opposite ends of two heavy ironwood bars, are two men who rap the bars together to quick time, while another skips up and down placing one or both of his feet between them with each step. Surrounding them is a bantering circle of onlookers, who await the inevitable result with great interest. It soon occurs. Suddenly there is a cessation in the sharp crack of the bars as they come together, and the jumper limps away with a crushed ankle amid the jeers of his fellows. We go over to look at the unfortunate man's leg and find that he is really badly hurt. Each of the bars used in the game weigh in the neighborhood of forty pounds, and it is a wonder that the ankle is not smashed flat. However, we help him to the house and bandage him up as best we can from our first-aid kit. The raw iodine makes him wince, but he is apparently very grateful for our services. He is going to have a stiff ankle for a long time. It looks as if business is going to be good, for soon another shout goes up, and another victim comes to have a great toe nail nursed back into place.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EVENING DIVERSIONS

IN the late afternoon, tired out by the succession of events, most of the elder Dyaks repair to the veranda, where they find a plentiful supply of tobacco ready for them, and *siri* and betel-nut too, for that matter. Most of them are addicts to the habit of chewing the nut, which, after being crumbled to a coarse powder, is wrapped in *siri* leaves with a little slaked lime and slowly masticated to a pulp. After reduction to this state, the quid is carried between the gum and the lower lip, where it continues to pucker the mouth of the user. It is a strong astringent and has a narcotic effect similar to tobacco but, like tobacco when chewed, becomes a messy habit. The juice from the mixture turns the lips a brilliant red and darkens the teeth as well as puckering the lips, so that the confirmed chewer is not a comely person to look upon.

Just before sundown and during the preparation of the evening meal, some of the young men of pronounced sporting proclivities gather in the clearing and rather loudly discuss the relative fighting abilities of their respective game-cocks, which up to now have been securely tethered out of harm's way in the living-rooms of the long-house. Each apartment harbors at least three of these birds, which have endeared themselves to the Dyak because of their fighting propensities. The young fellows finally back their judgment of the fowls with considerable bets, and the cocks are brought out. They are noble-looking birds, not the slim racy-looking cocks extensively bred at one time in this country for their fighting qualities, but large, fairly heavy ones who stand haughtily erect and crow the moment they are tethered to stumps about the clearing.

Two of them are matched, and all gather closely around to examine the birds before side bets are placed. Then the vicious knives are brought out and affixed to the legs of the fowls. The knives are of razor-keenness, serrate of edge, and certainly wicked-appearing weapons. The

blades are nearly three inches in length, terminating in a short, thin tang by which it is fastened on the bird. Waxed twine made of spun silky-looking fiber is used for this purpose, and when once affixed to the bird the blades are securely fastened in place.

We are scarcely prepared for the terrible swiftness of decision characteristic of these battles. The cocks are loosened near each other on the ground and immediately crouch and glare at one another for the moment, then rise at the same time and come together. They strike so rapidly that the eye cannot catch the blows, but usually at this first encounter one or the other of the fowls is badly if not mortally wounded. A dozen birds are matched in the course of twenty minutes, and none of them withstand the third onslaught. Most of them die at the second rise. One poor chicken, though mortally wounded, tries to straighten up beside his dead antagonist and crow; but his legs give way and his eyes close just as he is elevating his head to utter his cry of victory. The thing is too much for us, and we leave the Dyaks to their cruel pastime. It is

but another indication of their love of violence. Although the cocks are provided by nature with long, sharp spurs of their own, it is characteristic of the Dyaks that they must make the thing more deadly by adding the knives to the natural weapons of the fowls. One thing, however, is remarkable about their custom of cock-fighting. Though the Dyaks have little use for any one or anything killed in combat, they will not eat the fowls that die in battle, although the hearts of these chickens are sometimes cooked and given to the younger children. Whether this custom is general throughout the island we are unable to ascertain, but the chief assures us that it has long been a local custom hereabouts.

While the women are placing the dinner palm-leaves on the floor of the gallery, most of the men repair to the river where they take their evening bath. This is a custom among them, and although they bathe several times a day, particularly the moment they finish any little task that starts the perspiration, they never miss the evening dip. The waning daylight shrouds the gallery in gloom, and the *dammar* lamps are brought

from the living-rooms and lighted. Their smoky glow high-lights the glistening bodies of the men, who have come up from the river still wet; for they never dry themselves but are contented with merely rubbing their bodies with a smooth flat stone.

When we dig out all of our acetylene lamps, five of them, and place them at intervals down the gallery, shouts of approval go up. These lamps are a never-ending source of wonder to them. We are quite content to let them have the lamps at their end of the gallery and eat our dinner in a dim light, for the strong glare of the lights attracts myriad insects and mosquitos that are fully as bloodthirsty as our hosts. After they finish their dinner the *tuak* is brought out, and under its potent stimulus all, jovial enough before its introduction, become positively friendly. Though they bring a liberal quantity to us, we pass it up. It has been described to us as a happy combination of liquid fire and nitroglycerin to any one unaccustomed to its "kick." It is the precursor of the most depressing of mornings after, and so we set the stuff aside and later

led them to believe that we drank and enjoyed it very much.

While we are sitting in the gloom of our corner watching the bizarre spectacle before us, two of the girls who tried to get us into the dance of last evening seek us out and, with laughter, drag us down to the decorated end of the gallery, where a number of the young people are dancing a sort of ring-around-the-rosy at a pace that is absolutely killing.

There are abut ten of them at it, hands firmly grasped about each other's wrists to insure against slipping, which would be disastrous. They whirl about until one after the other becomes so dizzy that they are unable to stand. When this occurs, the dizzy one is released, and another darts in to take his or her place as the case may be. Soon they change the dance to one in which they grasp the pole set in the middle of the floor and whirl about it in pairs, the whole object being to all appearances to get as dizzy as possible for the novelty of the sensation. We watch them for a time and even essay to aid them by playing on the drums which they place

in our laps. They all laugh uproariously at our attempts to beat them properly, and one of the slim maidens squats down beside us and painstakingly shows us how the thing is done.

When all are so played out with the terrific exertion of the pole-dance that they can scarcely stand, they cluster around us, regarding our pajamas and soft kid moccasins, which possessions they seem to envy us greatly. As a matter of fact, one of the girls whispers softly in Malay that she greatly desires the pajama coat one of us wears, and promises to pay generously for it, which promise we somehow do not hear.

After a short rest, during which each of the maidens has made a trip or two to the center of the gallery where the *tuak* is being served, one of their number, a slim but beautifully modeled creature, rises and, to the accompaniment of the *keluri* and a two-stringed guitar played by one of the boys, commences a slow dance, which because of the interest shown by her audience promises to be something out of the ordinary. Her dark eyes glisten with the *tuak* she has taken, and we soon realize that we are about to

witness a dance similar to the one Little Earthquake performed for the edification of her wedding guests. It is a Dyak version of the *danse du ventre*—a little more savage than that of the Occident—possibly not so intriguing as that because of its lack of subtlety and the spasmodic tremors which make it somewhat jerky, but nevertheless it seems to have the desired effect upon the younger set and even some of the older ones, who, when they glimpse what is going on, drift down to watch it.

One of the girls seizes the drum on which we had been playing and, with it clasped between her knees, thumps vigorously, increasing the tempo slowly until our Little Earthquake is a very busy woman. The crowd now becomes a little excited, and one after another they rise and dance around her until about a dozen couples are trying to dislocate their hips. Shrieks of laughter and cries from the side-lines make the place a bedlam of noise. The dancers are just getting warmed up, it seems, and the conduct of some of them is becoming a little alarming. Finally, when all by reason of physical endur-

ance should have been laid out from sheer exhaustion, the dance terminates, and though some of them pant a little, none of them seem to have been at all played out by the violent exercise. A like amount of real work, we think, would no doubt have a decidedly different effect upon them, though for that matter the Dyaks are not a lazy race. All of the dancers go to the river for a dip and to cool off, for they are streaming with perspiration.

The *tuak* that has been consumed is beginning to show its effects upon the entire gathering, and many of the older people are cutting capers they would never think of at another time. Some of the women have made pads of the banana leaves that lie upon the floor and, after besooting them over the smoking lamps, steal up behind men for whom they hold a fondness and rub their faces with the blackened leaves, darting away immediately with shrieks of laughter with the soot-bedaubed man in close pursuit. The women invariably dart for the doorway and try to escape outside, but they are soon overtaken by their agile pursuers, although none of these couples return

for some time. It is evident that an unwonted license prevails similar to the lid-tilting at the harvest feasts. The mad uproar continues long into the night and is participated in by all except the very oldest people, who, in lieu of the more strenuous diversions, sit around in groups and talk among themselves merrily, smoking and drinking. The younger children seem to have disappeared. Upon investigation, we find that the little fellows have all succumbed to the Dyak sandman and have crawled off to their respective mats to fall asleep.

The party has progressed beyond the point of interest to us by this time, and so we retire to our mosquito-netted cots to fall into an intermittent slumber, the interruptions of which are occasioned by the visits of some of our feminine admirers of the early evening, who evidently feel that we are being neglected and wish to entertain us. At the first visit or two we are politely civil in our expression of regret that we really must sleep or be ill, or some other excuse which we concoct on the spur of the moment; but when another of the young ladies presents herself along

It is a human skull decorated with raffia

"From me you came, a weakling"

The confirmed betel-nut chewer is not a comely person

The vicious knives are brought out

with a breath that makes one stagger at four feet we become positively discourteous and shoo the damsel away with scant ceremony. It is nearly three o'clock when the uproar dies down to the point that our drowsing brains fail to register the noise and sound slumber overtakes us.

CHAPTER XIV

WE EXTEND OUR VISIT

THE days slide by so smoothly that we lose track of them. Four of them have flown since the feast, and we have settled down in the *kampong* to study the lives of our hosts leisurely and are apparently quite welcome. That we may enjoy a little privacy, they have erected a partition of woven palm-leaves at our end of the gallery, back of which none of them ever venture unless invited. True, the children sometimes cluster at the doorway when they hear the clicking of the type-writer, which to old and young alike is an incomprehensible contraption over which they shake their heads in perplexity. Only an occasional dog or chicken wanders into our domain but is never a visitor for long. Sam wields a nasty bamboo at such times, which all but wrecks the intruder.

Each morning we are awakened by the thump-

ing of the paddy-pestles as the women of the household husk the rice. Each of the numerous families who occupy the long-house has as its most useful household implement a paddy-board and pestles. The board is a section of a log of very hard wood sixteen or eighteen inches in width by eight thick, flattened on all four sides and provided with two conical depressions on its surface, in which the grain to be husked is placed. Most of the boards are five or six feet in length, and the bowl-like holes in them are placed midway between the ends and a few inches apart. Only sufficient grain is husked each morning for that day's supply. Usually the younger women of the household perform this task, two of them mounting the ends of the board, standing and facing each other, while a third sits beside it and fills the hollows with the paddy. The heavy ironwood pestles, six feet in length, are then brought into play and the grain pounded free of the coarse husks by a succession of blows with the end of the pestle.

As the girls proceed with the husking some of the grain becomes scattered over the surface

of the board, but they deftly push this back under the pestles again with their bare feet at each stroke. As fast as the grain is husked, it is removed and winnowed by being spread on a thin circular tray woven from the outer skin of the long-jointed bamboo. This is accomplished by a peculiar motion requiring some practice. It is tossed a foot or so in the air with a twisting motion that scatters the chaff while the heavier grain falls back on the tray. A surprisingly few tosses by a girl expert in the art free the grain of all loose particles of husk, which fall upon a mat spread beneath her. The fine dust of the rice, some of which is unavoidably pulverized in the course of the pounding it receives, is carefully sifted to save the larger kernels, while the rest is given to the pigs, for which it forms a principal food. It is usually fed them in the shape of a mash and is sometimes cooked for them. The husked rice is generally put through the pounding process a second time to separate it entirely from the last vestiges of the unpalatable outer skin of the grain. It is then ready for cooking.

When the girls have completed this daily task

they customarily call the children and go to the river for a bath. They perspire freely from the sustained violent exercise on the paddy-boards, and the dust which rises during the winnowing process covers them from head to foot. On their way to the river they pick up a number of the large gourds used around the house as water-jars and, after bathing, fill these and hang them in their accustomed places by the doors of their respective apartments. Some of them work for a time in the little garden patches near the clearing, which are carefully railed about as a protection from the pigs. The Dyaks build no gates to any of their inclosures but provide as a means of entrance to any fenced inclosure a notched tree trunk on either side of the fence. The upper ends of these trunks rest in the crotches of posts set near enough together to enable a person to step easily from one to the other in ascending and descending. These notched trunks are set almost parallel to the fence, forming a slight angle to it. Only a scanty crop of vegetables is grown by the women, for they depend almost wholly upon the rice and game that is brought to them

by their men, who each morning repair to the jungle, where they hunt or collect wild fruits.

During the day but few of the men are to be seen about the long-house except those who are engaged in making necessary household utensils or weapons. Some of the older men go a short distance into the jungle to collect fire-wood. This task, being considered a light one, is allotted as a rule only to men who are too inactive to engage successfully in other pursuits. To while away an hour now and then, we sometimes go to the river with the women to watch them fish, but, until we learn the habits and appetites of its finny inhabitants, are unsuccessful in landing any ourselves. Our hooks and lines in the hands of the women are very handy tackle, but somehow we cannot quite turn the trick until we give over using the usual baits we have so successfully used at home and load up the hook with half a dozen thin sections of ripe bananas, for which the fish seem to have a voracious appetite. Some of the women seem to be very successful with the small white blossoms of a flowering tree that grows upon the river bank, but after repeated trials we

give this up as beyond our piscatorial attainments.

Cooking is done in earthen pots, though in the case of wealthier families large brass kettles of Malay workmanship find a place on the hearth which forms the chief adjunct of each Dyak family's apartment. This is usually situated at the very rear of the two-roomed section of the long-house allotted to each family and consists of a broad platform a foot in thickness, made of flat stones and mud with a vertical wall at the back and two or three feet in height, over which a small hole in the roof serves as a point of egress for the smoke of the fire. Half a dozen fire-blackened stones serve as supports for the pots when cooking is being done, or act as rests for long metal skewers on which fish or chunks of meat are spitted to be broiled.

The father and mother of each family usually occupy a small bedroom cut off from this room by a low partition, while the other members of the little household dispose themselves about this and the other room opening on the gallery, according to their age. The older girls appropri-

ate to themselves the large front room as a sleeping apartment, while the children and young men take the rear one. When one of the girls marries and there is not sufficient room in the "door" of her father for another family, an addition to the long-house is constructed, which accounts for the extreme length of some of these structures.

In the late afternoon the men return from the jungle, usually by canoe, for it is a habit of theirs to proceed a considerable distance by river before entering the jungle that they may gain the better hunting of localities remote from any human habitation. In this manner they save themselves long jaunts through areas that have been denuded of game or ones in which the game has become wary. Before climbing the bluff on which stands the long-house, they securely lash the canoes to palings firmly driven in the river-bed or to the boat landing and take their evening plunge. This bath is made the occasion of more enjoyment than the morning one. The man turns his back to his fellows and strips off his loin-cloth of bark-fiber and runs into the water, falling flat

We are scarcely prepared for the swiftness of decision of these battles

One of the Dyak maidens

Each morning we are awakened by the thumping of the paddy-pestles

On the way to their baths, they pick up the water-gourds

upon his stomach with a huge splash. He sticks his face and head into it and swims out into the stream with a lusty overhand stroke that carries him well out beyond his depth, where he circles about for a time enjoying the water's coolness. After ten minutes of this exhilarating pastime, he swims to a shallow spot, where he squeezes most of the water from his shock of coarse black hair and rubs his body down with a smooth pebble picked from the bed of the stream. He then steps out upon the bank and rinses his breech-clout, which, after wringing it to relative dryness, he wraps about himself and, after picking up his paddle, spears, and such game as he was successful in obtaining, goes to the gallery, where he hangs up his spear by the simple expedient of thrusting its point in the roof-beam beside his doorway. He then sits down to smoke a cigarette while he discusses the happenings of the day with his next-door neighbor, or takes one of his children upon his knee to fondle while the women of his household are preparing the evening meal. Shortly after sunset, he goes to his back room to eat his dinner, where the cheerful flames of

the fire upon the hearth and the ruddy glow of the *dammar* torches placed at intervals about the room bring into marked relief the dim corners where the game-cocks are tethered, heads tucked beneath a wing, sleeping on one foot. The dogs of the household, ever hungry, nose around the family circle and receive titbits tossed to them now and then by the women, each morsel thrown them being the cause of a scuffle that ends only when the lucky one has succeeded in gulping it down.

After dinner is over, the men return to the gallery, where a fire is built upon the great hearth midway down its length, where they relate the gossip gleaned by contact with men of other houses in the locality during the course of the day's activities, or recount the folk-lore of long-past generations and stories of the animals that live in the deep jungle. After the women have put the children to bed they gather in each other's compartments, where they gossip for an hour. The younger ones who have lovers are left, by tacit understanding, alone in their rooms, where the young man soon comes and plays to his

lady-love upon the *keluri* or the nose flute, while she makes out of native tobacco rolled in pandanus leaves a parcel of cigarettes which they will both consume at a later hour when their elders have retired for the night.

By eight thirty or nine o'clock, all of the older people have turned in with the possible exception of some very, very old ones who still sit around the glowing embers at the central fireplace and smoke and gossip for another hour. Gradually the noises about the house die down, the music is hushed, and only the glowing ruddy points of cigarettes seen through the open doorways of the apartments tell one that the lovers are still whispering their secrets softly. The dogs, too, have curled up to sleep. They almost invariably select as a bed the warm ashes on the fireplaces, into which they nestle comfortably.

Finally absolute silence reigns supreme. Faintly from the river comes the sound of its burbling rush over the pebbled shallows above the *kampong,* but the sound is a musical one that lulls into slumber. The pigs and goats stirring about on the ground below the house may dis-

turb one at intervals, or the wild cry of a night-bird in the near-by jungle startle one from drowsiness, but all sounds of human agency cease. Once only during the night, an old woman breaks into a fit of violent coughing, but we are sorry for her, as she is a pleasant old lady, even if her skin does hang in folds upon her emaciated body. She always has a smile for us, and the racking cough that tortures her at times has more than once formed a topic of conversation between us.

Tuberculosis has made some inroad upon these people, though up to the present time it has not assumed the status of a scourge. Only a few such isolated cases as this one have come to our notice among the Dyaks. The comparative cleanliness of their living, coupled with their out-door life, has probably saved them the terrible prevalence the disease holds in our vastly more congested communities and less resistant people.

As we lie upon our cots the memory of a story related to us by the chief a night or two ago recurs to us. We try to picture the thing as coming out of just such a silence as now endures.

It was the tale of the last big fight in the annals of the *kampong* before the fort was built at Poeroek Tajoe and the Dutchmen came to punish severely any lawless attacks by warrior tribes bent upon head-taking.

CHAPTER XV

THE ATTACK ON HANANGAN

THERE had been no fighting in the locality for a long time, the old man told us, and the men of the *kampong* had almost lost the art of battle, though they were as brave as ever. Men passing down the river from friendly villages above had brought news of a great hunting party come from the mountain regions in the north, but these had not molested any one and were suffered to pass through the districts without harm. They were warlike Kayans, whom the Seongs of the district distrusted, but because of the long peace that had endured the men were content to await some overt act upon the part of the visitors before taking up their weapons and driving them back to their own haunts.

The hunting party stayed in the vicinity for upward of a month without committing any depredations on the farms or homes of the Seongs; and these, lulled by the peaceful appearance of

things, merely contented themselves with avoiding the vicinity of the hunting party, which numbered nearly two hundred. Trouble at last manifested itself when a party of ten of the strangers came to Hanangan to buy rice, for which they offered in payment a quantity of camphor they had brought down with them from the highlands. The visitors noted the air of prosperity of the village, and one of their number became enamoured of a young maiden who lived in the *kampong* with her mother, her father having died when a tree fell on him while they were clearing the jungle for the paddy.

She, also, was smitten with the handsome young warrior, who was all dolled up according to the latest Kayan fashion. He carried a large shield on which there were many tufts of human hair, signifying that he had waged more than one successful combat with an enemy. On his head he wore a war cap that was covered with the skin of the jungle-cat and carried on its pointed crest a pair of black-barred hornbill plumes that gave him a jaunty appearance lacking in the youths of her local acquaintance. The people of Hanan-

gan sold the rice to the new-comers and offered them food and drink, and the party was entertained late into the night. While the rest of them were gossiping in the gallery the girl and the young stranger found time to talk together alone, and he persuaded her to accompany him back to the main body of his fellows to become his wife. The girl agreed to this, and accordingly the following morning when the party left the village she met them in the jungle, where she had gone an hour before to await their coming.

Shortly after the strangers had left, the young girl was missed by her mother, who guessed what had happened and ran shrieking up and down the gallery begging the men of Hánangan to pursue the strangers and bring her daughter back to her. The other women added their pleas to hers, and soon a strong party of the younger men entered their canoes to take a short cut by river to a point where they knew they could intercept the strangers on their return to the camp of their fellows. They were successful in this, and demanded the return of the girl, who, upon seeing her relatives in warlike array surround-

The older men collect the fire-wood

The young men go into the jungle

A party of young men left to rescue her

He hoists him over his shoulder to carry him back to the proa

ing the little party of her lover, agreed to return. But the young man did not wish to lose her and promised the men of Hanangan he would return later to take her. This so angered the Seong fighting men that they ordered the strangers out of the country, one word leading to another until one of the local men so lost control of himself that he drew his *mandau* and severely wounded the girl's lover. At this the smaller party drew their weapons and gave battle and succeeded in killing three of the Hanangan men before they were driven into the jungle. Half of their own number were left dead with the victors, who promptly took their heads as trophies and returned triumphantly to the long-house, where a feast was laid in celebration of the victory.

Much *tuak* was consumed by the successful warriors, who boasted loudly of their prowess; and plans were laid to call all the surrounding *kampongs* into conference the next day, that a strong body of men might be gathered to drive the strangers out of the country. This they knew to be a necessary thing to do, for the mo-

ment the survivors of the morning's combat reached their fellows plans would be laid for reprisal.

That night the men of Hanangan went to bed feeling the many gourds of *tuak* they had taken. They did not know of the deadly swiftness of the Kayan fighting methods. Even while the old men were smoking their last cigarettes in the gallery, stealthy forms were gathering in the jungle about the clearing of Hanangan and bundles of dried fagots were being prepared for the attack. The low, oft-repeated cries of "night-birds" coming from these flitting shadows in the thickets did not awaken the sleeping men from their drunken slumbers, and when all was ready the Kayans broke from the protection of the jungle and rushed in wild attack upon the house. Those of their number who carried the bundles of fagots lighted them and placed them in the timbers close up to the flooring of the long-house, where they soon caught; and the flames leaped upward hungrily.

The younger and more daring of the Kayans mounted to the gallery and met the sleep-befud-

dled men of the house coming from the doors of their chambers, cutting down many of them before they realized fully what the trouble was.

By this time the house was in an uproar. The shrieks of the cowering women and children mingled with the wild war-cries of the attackers and the hoarse, angered shouts of the Hanangan men, who called to each other to rally and drive the foemen from the house.

The number of fighting men living at that time in Hanangan numbered only seventy, and some of these had already been killed. Opposed to them was a force of nearly two hundred, who also held the advantage of surprise. But the men of Hanangan were not afraid. The stern necessity of the moment drove the sleep from their brains, and the cries of their women nerved them to a sublime effort. They were fighting for their homes and everything that they held dear. They bellowed the deep war-cry of the Seongs and plunged into the combat on the gallery with a desperation that soon cleared it of the attackers, driving them to the ground below, where a bloody battle took place. Meanwhile

the women, heartened by the driving of the foemen from the house, were tearing up the loose flooring beneath their feet and were beating at the flames that threatened to engulf the structure. The beams of the house, though dried out by years of seasoning, were of ironwood, which is slow in kindling; and the women slowly won sufficient headway over the flames to get the fire within control.

Though sadly lessened in numbers, the men of Hanangan fought on and drove the Kayans, a step at a time, backward to the jungle. On the river, speeding to the burning village, the men of Boetak—the nearest *kampong*—bent to their paddles. They had been aroused by the old men of their house, who had seen the glow in the sky to the eastward, and, suspecting its cause, were hastening to aid their tribesmen.

Running their proas upon the sandy bank of the river they leaped with wild yells into the shallow water and rushed up the bluff, eager to join in the battle and take back to Boetak a number of the grisly trophies of the fight.

When the Kayans heard the yells of the new-

comers, they wavered and their fighting spirit cooled, while the men of Hanangan, now fighting silently, conserving every ounce of strength, again boomed their deep-throated war-cry in exultation of the victory they now felt to be within their grasp. They rushed forward just as the men of Boetak gained the fighting line, and the Kayans turned to flee. The fight now became a rout, in which the men of Hanangan, wearied by the terrific struggle, were outdistanced, but the men of Boetak, who were unwearied, pursued them where they scattered in the jungle, and hunted them down one by one. As each of the pursuers downed his man, he stopped in the chase only long enough to place his mark upon the body of the fallen foeman, and then left him to get another. All the next day the hunt continued, for it was taken up by the other tribes in the vicinity; and not one of the Kayan warriors ever returned to his home in the highlands, so the old chief's story ran.

Of the seventy fighting men of Hanangan, only forty were left, and some of these were severely wounded. The main part of the house

had been so damaged that it had to be rebuilt, but the men of the other villages came to the aid of the stricken *kampong,* and for a long time the forest resounded with the blows of the springy-hafted axes felling trees to form the framing of the new portions of the house. The row of trophies over the central fireplace of the gallery was a long one, the longest one, in fact, that had ever graced the council place of any Seong tribe until the government men came and forbade any such displays. Now they are buried, along with all other trophies that come to the long-house in the jungle, where they can be secured for ceremonies when the white men are not looking.

When we asked the chief what punishment was meted out to the girl who was responsible for the battle, he shook his head and hesitated before replying. Evidently the subject was a distasteful one, but he finally told us. "She killed herself," was his reply, and later added, "She did not wish to live because her lover was dead, and so she went into the jungle and cut her jugular." When we suggested that her suicide might have

been caused by the weight of her guilt in the matter, he gravely shook his grizzled head in denial. It is a custom, he says. Many young people of both sexes kill themselves because of a lover being taken from them. A suicide is looked upon with horror and never spoken of except with loathing. They are lost souls who lead a very miserable after-existence, subsisting only on roots and berries in the jungles of the nether world, and are always searching for the lovers for whom they killed themselves and whom they are doomed never to find.

On the other hand, those who die an honorable death, as one who is killed in battle, live a ghost life of continual ease, having for wives women who died in childbirth, and who are counted by all as having died a most noble death and are given suitable recompense by the spirits, who provide bountifully for them so that they grow very rich, though they do no work.

We fall asleep in the brooding silence, thinking how very like to our conception of similar matters, in fundamental principle, are many of these Dyak beliefs.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEATH OF TINA URING

FOR the last two days there has been an air of expectancy about the house. Tina Uring, wife of Laki Jau, is confined to childbed. The advent of the little new-comer is expected almost any time, and the older women are busily engaged with tasks about Tina's "door," bustling about importantly and shooing the inquisitive children away. One of these is a woman of ripe wisdom in these matters, and she has been attentive on the "case" since an early stage. It is her duty, when engaged, to attend the prospective mother, to examine her from time to time, and by gentle massage of the abdomen to secure the best possible position of the child. Part of her accoutrements are a number of charms with which she festoons the patient's bedroom, but of the rites she is said to perform the men can tell us nothing and the women evidently won't.

While we are sitting in the gallery talking with one of the boys who has taken a great liking to us, there seems to be a general exodus of the men from the place, all who have not gone hunting leaving the gallery on account of the imminence of the birth, which, if nothing untoward happens, is the occasion of great rejoicing. We, too, out of respect for their customs, follow and join the gathering under the shade of the *tapang* tree that grows in the center of the clearing.

While we are discussing the customs attendant on matters of this kind, excited voices reach us from within the house, and the men about us rise with grave faces and gaze expectantly in that direction in silence. It is evident that something has happened. Twenty interminable minutes pass in which the poor Dyaks' anxiety is pitiable. The silence is broken at last by a long-sustained, high-pitched, quavering wail from the chamber of the stricken woman, and we know the worst. Tina Uring has passed away. The men gaze at each other blankly for a moment and then bolt for the jungle. They rush into its cover like

frightened stags. We are nonplussed by their sudden disappearance but do not follow. We head straight for the house to see if we can be of any help. Maybe, we think, the woman is not yet dead and we can help her despite our inexperience in matters of this kind.

The women of the house are all in tears. Tina was a much-loved member of the household, and her unexpected death has all but stunned them. There is nothing we can do, and so we call Sam, who is puttering around in our room, and tell him to clear out until the house quiets down, while we leave the place ourselves that we may not bother the sorrowing women as they prepare the body for burial. The oldest of the women takes charge of poor Tina's remains, and she is prepared for immediate burial. Three very old men, who have officiated at many similar ceremonies, dig the grave, and the burial is over within two hours. None of the other men put in an appearance until the grave has been filled and the earth tamped down upon it. They have been watching from a distance, although hidden in the edge of the jungle. Later, the chief tells

us that had the death occurred at night all of the men except those beyond the age of sixty would have climbed into the rafters above the apartments and would not have descended until the body had been buried the next day. Death from childbirth is held in peculiar horror by the Dyaks, and the effect of such a catastrophe leaves its mark upon them for a long time.

The members of the *kampong* become very reticent after Tina's death about matters relating to the subject of birth, and we are able to learn little further of it, except that, as sometimes happens, when twins are born it is customary among some tribes to select the girl if they are of both sexes, or the weaker one if of the same sex, and take it to the jungle, where it is allowed to die of exposure. This custom, the medicine-man informs us, is to improve the survivor's chances of successfully combating the diseases of childhood, which would, the Dyaks believe, be fatal to both if attacking one of them, because of the very close bond of sympathy generally thought to exist between twins.

The *kampong* does not settle down to normal

gayness for a long time after Tina's death, though the usual tasks are carried out and the hunting parties go into the jungle daily as before.

To break the monotony of the drab days in the long-house, we join them on some of these excursions and find that the Seongs are adept in the art of snaring game as well as in the chase. They generally hunt in groups of two or three, those who set traps going out alone. We set out with two of the boys who are going after wild pig, and, after a trip of nearly a mile up a small tributary stream which flows into the one the *kampong* is located on, we disembark and follow the boys, who glide through the tangled underbrush as stealthily as a stalking tiger. The dogs, which have followed us along the bank, trail at the heels of their masters for a time, but, as we leave the river behind, cut into the jungle on their own account and disappear silently, their noses in the air as if trying to sniff the presence of game. The silence is unbroken for the space of twenty minutes.

Suddenly a loud querulous howl pierces the air, and the boys turn to us and smile. The

dogs have flushed a pig, they say. Sure enough! A moment later we see, as we hurry toward the place where a chorus of canine yells arises, the dogs holding at bay a young wild pig. His little red eyes are blazing dangerously, and he makes short rushes at the dogs as they circle close to him, snapping and harrying him with vicious, lightning dashes which keep the unlucky porker so busy that he cannot make his escape.

As we close upon him, one of the boys runs in and despatches him with a quick thrust of the spear that severs the jugular. There is a loud squeal from his pigship, and the dogs, after a wild outburst of excited yelping, cease their caperings about and walk carefully up to the dying pig and sniff about him hungrily. As soon as he has bled sufficiently, the boy that killed him ties his hind feet together with a thin piece of rattan and hoists him up over his shoulder, preparatory to returning to the proa. The dogs do not come with us but remain to fight over the pool of warm blood on the ground where the pig died. The hunt took but a very little time, and in reply to our queries if they always have such luck the

boys laugh and shake their heads. Sometimes they are forced to hunt all day before the dogs locate a pig, though usually, they say, two hours' search will find one.

They often hunt the pig without the aid of dogs, going into the jungle alone, armed with the *sumpitan* or blow-gun. This deadly weapon is, in the hands of a good shot, a very terrible weapon, and the boys tell us that they will return to the *kampong* with the pig and get their guns and a supply of poisoned darts and go bird-hunting for our benefit. Accordingly, immediately after the boys have turned the pig over to the women, who promise us one of its hams for dinner, we set out through a pathway to a spot near by, where the boys say that many birds congregate. A ten-minute walk brings us to the paddy-field, where they find hunting very good. The wild doves and green pigeons flying about the field would set any owner of a twelve-gage wild. Here we are treated to an exhibition of marksmanship and woodcraft that put to shame our noisy attempts to hunt. There is no loud banging away with booming shot-guns. The boys

caution us to extreme quiet, and designate a spot near the edge of the clearing where we can see but will not scare the birds, and then leave us. They crawl on their hands and knees to the very edge of the clearing, where they hide behind low bushes and cautiously raise the blow-guns to their lips. The pigeons are feasting in the young paddy and present fair marks for a rifle, but we are not prepared for the execution wrought by the silent blow-guns. The slender darts slither through the air, and a pigeon rises spasmodically, flops a time or two, and falls dead. The others, feeding but a few yards distant, stop and look a moment or possibly move a few feet away from the spot, and another tiny arrow picks off another that has wandered a slight distance from the flock. In the space of ten minutes eight pigeons are lying in the paddy waiting to be picked up, and the flock finally takes alarm. As they rise from the ground the muzzles of the long blow-guns lift to follow, and two more drop, while the rest of the flock make their escape into the jungle.

After the boys return from the field where

they picked up the birds we examine the blow-guns carefully. They are six feet in length and slightly tapered toward the muzzle, at which end they are scarcely more than an inch in diameter. The bore is about three eighths of an inch and is, we find when we hold the weapon up to look through them, polished like a shot-gun barrel. They are made of a reddish-colored hard wood similar to rosewood. Each of the boys carries his supply of darts, or *supits* as they call them, in a bamboo container which he fastens to his belt. Some of the darts have fine brass points which have been hardened by fire, and all of them have a black sticky substance smeared on them for an inch back from the extreme point. As we examine them one of the boys points out to us that when the gun is held vertically it is slightly curved. He then holds it in the shooting position and points out that its weight has caused the muzzle end to drop just enough so that it now is perfectly straight. He tells us that the bore is purposely drilled on a curve to offset this very thing, and a sight is placed at the muzzle end so that the user may know readily in which direction

There is no loud banging away with a booming shot-gun

Each of the slender darts is fitted with a small cone of tough pith

He collects the milky ipoh sap

And makes a dish from a broad palm-leaf

the curvature exists in order that accurate shooting may be done. Evidently the craftsmen who manufacture these weapons lavish a great deal of patient labor on them, for they are superbly finished when one stops to realize the crude tools with which they are made.

Seeing our interest in the blow-guns, the boys tell us that they will take us to a house near by where they are making a gun, and we go there eagerly. A half-hour's ramble brings us to a small house of two doors, where we meet a man and his sons whom we had the pleasure of seeing at the feast in Hanangan. The father greets us warmly, though the young sons are a little shy; but that soon passes off as we become interested in the work that is going forward at a platform close beside the house. Two saplings have been planted in the ground to form two of the legs of this platform, the other or back side of it being supported by three or four of the timbers of the house, which jut out slightly just beneath the gallery. The platform is about eight feet from the ground and consists of several short pieces of timber lashed to the house beams and saplings.

In the center and underneath the platform is the piece of wood from which they are fashioning the *sumpitan*. It is securely lashed to the framework of the platform, and its lower end is placed upon a flat stone. Two of the boys are aiding their father, who drills the bore of the new gun with an iron rod of native manufacture. It is sharpened at the end like a chisel and is guided in a truly vertical course by two forked sticks that are fastened to the side of the house.

The older man raises and brings the sharpened end down smartly in the hole that has already half penetrated the length of the hardwood bar he is drilling, while one of the boys from time to time pours in water from a section of a bamboo which serves him as a water-bucket. This, when his father withdraws the rod, fills the bore with water, on which the fine chips float up and out.

As we examine the rigging closely, we find that the rod of wood that is being drilled has been lashed to its supports in such a way that it is slightly curved, and our boys explain to us that this is the manner of drilling the desired curve in the gun. They tell us that the gun can

be drilled in one day of continuous labor, but that the finishing and polishing of the bore will take them an additional two or three days. The bore being completed, they whittle and scrape the outside surface down to the required smoothness and diameter, after which they polish the bore with leaves and a long piece of rattan, which is slid back and forth through it until it takes on a very high polish. When this is all done, the front sight is fastened in place, and sometimes a spear-head is lashed on to the muzzle end on the underneath side below the sight.

Each of the slender darts is fitted with a small cone of tough pith, which is cut to conform with the diameter of a wooden gage that just fits the bore of the gun. The correct fitting of these piths is of vital importance as regards the accuracy and hard-hitting qualities of the gun, for if they are too tight they require too much pressure to drive them, and if too loose they will not have the necessary range or speed to maintain true flight.

It is surprising to see how little effort is required to drive one of these darts through the

air a distance of two hundred feet. After our return to Hanangan we experiment with them and find that scarcely any exertion other than that used in the pea-shooters of our boyhood days is sufficient to drive the point of one of these darts through the lid of an ordinary cigar-box.

When we express our desire to see the poison with which they smear the points of the darts, the chief, who has been doing chores around the house, tells us that he will show us the trick; and forthwith we leave the *kampong* to walk a short distance to a place in the jungle where grow some *ipoh* trees. The old man calls to one of the younger men, who comes and collects some of the milky sap of the trees in a cup of bamboo, which he fashions on the spot by the simple expedient of hacking down a three-inch stalk of the cane and cutting off all but three or four inches of it above one of the joints. In collecting the sap the man merely gashes the bark of the tree with his *mandau* and allows the sap, which wells out strongly, to run into the cup, which is nearly filled in the course of five minutes. While he is busy at this the chief builds

a small fire and makes a dish from a broad palm-leaf. He supports this upon a small framework of twigs about a foot above the center of the fiber, and the *ipoh* sap is cooked slowly in this until it begins to turn a dark violet color inclining to chocolate, depending on how the light strikes it.

When it has reached this stage, it is ready for use but can be allowed to harden for remelting and use at any future time, though this, we are informed, impairs its strength. The chief gives us the batch of poison, cautioning us at the same time to be very careful not to get it in a cut or we will soon be *mati,* which is the Malay word for dead.

We learn that many times spring-guns are set in the game runways which traverse the jungle underbrush. A tough, springy sapling is cut down and fixed horizontally in a flexed position at a height of about eighteen inches. This forms the spring, which, when released by a pull upon a rattan strung across the game-way, drives a spear that is set horizontally at a similar height and guided in its course by forked stakes sup-

porting it. The points of these spears are usually of fire-hardened bamboo and are poisoned in a similar manner to the *supit* darts.

Many times we have come across, in our rambles through the jungles, crossed sticks standing in the pathways. These are warnings to the Dyaks living in the neighborhood that a spring-gun has been set.

Many wild pigs and other small mammals are captured in this manner. Though the spring-gun only wounds the animal, the poison gets in its work, and it usually dies at a point not far from the place where the spring-gun is set. Hunters using the spring-guns usually have a string of ten or twenty of them and make the rounds of them daily.

CHAPTER XVII

WE CHRISTEN THE LEAKS-A-BIT

THE Dyaks have been waiting for a lucky day to launch a new canoe. Finally the omens seem to indicate that this is the day, in spite of the fact that it is, according to our calendar, Friday the thirteenth. A short distance up the stream they have a new boat on the ways and, after four days of earnest communion with the spirits, have decided that the time is ripe for the new craft's maiden voyage. We shall call it the maiden voyage, though our most nautically wise Dyak friends insist upon calling the boat "he." When we mention to the chief, who is apparently bossing the job, the advisability of properly christening the boat, he looks at us in total lack of understanding, and we see that our idea has drawn a blank. We go into elaborate detail with the old gentleman, however, and finally convince him of the absolute propriety of sending

the big canoe sliding into the water with her prow dripping something more cheerful than river-water. It is the good-luck custom of the white men, we tell him, and he readily assents to our taking over this part of the ceremonies.

The matter having gone this far, we look at each other with some concern. We remember that we gave the last of our little supply of Scotch to Sam, who has been ailing and took on a chill for company the night before last. The empty bottle remains, but that is all. Sam brings it to us when we call him, and, sure enough, only a few drops of the brown fluid remain. One of us opens it by twisting out the cork and raises it to his nose with an "alas poor Yorick" expression, which however, gives us a new idea. There is still sufficient smell of the original contents left at least to flavor the ceremony, to give it an odor of genuineness, and so we cast about for a suitable accessory fluid with which to give the necessary volume and plop to the christening. A happy idea strikes one of us. Hidden back of the *barang* in our sanctum is a gourd of *tuak* which has been improving daily

since the feast. It has been fermenting nicely of late and is of a thick creamy consistency now and full of bubbles. We fill the bottle with it, drop in a small chunk of carbide from the acetylene lamp supply, and cork it up tightly, while we send Sam to get an old sarong he has been using as a dish-cloth. We tear this into shreds and plait it about the bottle in the most approved fashion. We are now ready to christen the boat. The necessity of providing a suitable name occurs to us. This sticks us for a time, and we go down to the river to watch the launching preparations, racking our brains for something to call it.

The Dyaks have the boat, which is really a very large one, well up on the bank and filled with water. Why it is filled with water is a mystery to us which is to be solved later, but at the moment the Dyaks are busy bailing this out to lighten the craft so that they can swing it end on to the river.

We observe that it is dotted or speckled all over its sides and bottom, and when we examine one of these lighter-colored freckles we find that

it has been bored full of holes, which have been plugged with wooden pins, though for what purpose we do not know. The craft was constructed some time ago, and the Dyaks, because of recent happenings in the *kampong,* have not had time to launch it before.

One thing strikes us about these plugs. Nearly every one of them is leaking, some of them badly, others having swelled sufficiently to allow only a tiny trickle of water. One of us remarks, "She leaks a bit." There it is! A chance remark, and we have the name of the boat. *Leaks-a-Bit.* A "corking" name for a boat, and really no pun intended.

A slight sizzling sound coming from the gaily decorated bottle of acetylene brew warns us that the thin flask will not stand the strain of waiting much longer, but the men are rocking the canoe over on its side now and pouring what remains of the water out. A few moments more, and all is ready for the plunge. As she starts to slide, one of us gingerly takes up the fizzing flask and swings it smartly on the nose of her carved figurehead, which is a very good representation of the

head of an alligator. No bottle of champagne ever served the purpose better. The creamy *tuak* flies in all directions, as does the most unheard-of odor. Whatever chemical action took place in that bottle between the *tuak* and the none-too-sweet carbide we shall never know. But the result is terrific in the immediate neighborhood. Of course the Dyaks think it is all right and in the white man's program, but it will furnish a topic of conversation for some time to come.

While the younger men are puttering about the boat, which has been hauled into shallow water, we return to the long-house and ply the chief with questions relative to the Dyak method of boat-making. He tells us that the boats are hewed from a tree called the *aroh* and that in the old days there were many war-canoes more than a hundred feet in length. When we stop to consider the labor required to fell and drag to the river a tree large enough to make a canoe of this size, we marvel at the ingenuity of these people. The obstacles they must have had to overcome in hauling such a trunk through the tangled jungles

must have made the task a long-drawn-out one at best. First, says the chief, the branches are hewed away and the great log is roughly shaped. Then a portion about a quarter of the circumference is dug out with adzes from end to end. After the boat has been roughly hewed to shape at the spot where the tree was felled, and the interior cut away until the side walls and bottom are only five or six inches thick, it is hauled on skids laid on the ground at right angles to the direction in which they wish to pull it, and slowly taken to the river. In the case of very large boats, they even make rough windlasses of four-inch tree trunks, the ends of which they brace horizontally to other standing trees that stand but four or five feet apart. For hauling cables, they use the indispensable rattans which grow plentifully about. One end of this is lashed to the boat and the other to the trunk, forming the windlass drum. The rattan is wound upon this by using as handles the stumps of branches they have allowed to remain at either end of the trunk, and the boat is thus drawn forward until the

rattan cable is all wound up. The rigging is then moved ahead and the process repeated.

Most of the Dyaks are skilled at this form of work, for the necessity of transporting the heavy ironwood house timbers considerable distances through the jungle often presents itself. In the case of boat timbers, they are often able to use the waterways to float the heavy logs to the neighborhood of their *kampongs;* but this is impossible with ironwood logs, as they are heavier than the water they displace and necessarily sink.

When the partly formed boat is finally in place at the spot where the finishing is to be accomplished, a shelter is built over it to protect both it and the men who do the work from the broiling sun. The inside of the boat now receives its first firing, which consists of filling it with shavings and burning them. The charred surface is then cut away and the outside fired. This is repeated a few times until the thickness is reduced to three or three and a half inches. While the boat is still hot from the last firing, it is filled with water from the river and the gun-

wales spread apart by wedging between them stout pieces of wood cut in varying lengths, according to the width of the place in the boat they are intended for.

The hot wood soaks up the water readily, and in consequence the shell of the boat is capable of being opened out to a surprising distance at its middle section. In the case of a boat fifty feet in length, this is sometimes nearly seven feet. Up to the time of the opening process, the boat has been in the shape of a hollow cylinder three or four and possibly even five feet in diameter, but lacking the width of the opening along its length where the inner material was removed.

When this spreading has been successfully accomplished,—and great care is necessary in this work to prevent later splitting,—the water is removed, and the whole is covered with a heavy layer of damp leaves, which are left covering the boat for a period of three or four weeks, so that the wood may set and dry out in its new form. If this work has been properly done and the requisite amount of fire hardening given, the shape of the boat is now a permanent one; and only

a few braces, which also form seats, are necessary to prevent the sides from shrinking inward.

When sufficient time has elapsed thoroughly to season the wood, the final work is done. This consists in first going over the whole exterior and removing all roughness and giving it the required shape. When the outside is finished, holes are bored ten to fifteen inches apart all over its surface. Wooden plugs are then cut to fill these holes, each plug being marked with a deep scratch scored in its side at a predetermined distance from the small end of the plug, which is tapered slightly. These plugs form the gages by which the bottom and walls of the boat are hewed to even thickness. They are driven into the holes from the outside, care being taken to drive them only as far as the scored marks on them, so that none of them protrude inside the boat. Hewing is then recommenced on the inside and continued until all of the plugs are just flush with the inner surface. In this way the Dyaks are able to determine nicely the exact thickness of any portion of the boat and can graduate its thickness from a relatively heavy

bottom to a thin gunwale. Inside they leave a few protuberant blocks to form supports for the seats, which are pegged in place with pins whittled from ironwood.

The spreading process always leaves the middle section of the gunwales nearer the water line than the bow and stern, and so an additional plank is hewed and shaped to build the gunwale up to a level with the ends. This is lashed in place with tough creepers, a little pitch being smeared on the outside of the joint, and the boat is complete, though a figurehead in the form of a carved crocodile head or other wild denizen of the jungle is usually added.

Most of their large boats are made on a community plan, we learn, and are owned jointly by all the members of the household, which may number twenty or more families. The smaller ones for individual use are usually made by some one expert in the art by contract, the payment being in household valuables or commodities having a value in the outside market. The craftsman usually impresses the man for whom the boat is being built into service during its con-

These are warnings that a spring-gun has been set in the game-way

Going hunting

The old man has brought us a basketful of the plants

It becomes necessary to cut our way through with axes

struction, and so by the time a man has advanced to middle age he is fully conversant with the art and thereafter builds his own boats.

Great care is given to the paddles used by both men and women, although those for woman's use are by far the more ornate of the two. These are finely carved throughout their length and are very graceful in shape. They are usually made from ironwood or *makeo,* which takes a very high polish. Some of the Seongs paint the blades of their paddles artistically with colored earth pigments mixed with melted *dammar* gum, but usually they are contented with the handsome carving and polishing as sufficiently beautiful in itself.

Our discussion of boats and boat-building with the chief leads us to other topics that are somewhat akin, and we learn that the popular belief is that their forefathers came to the island from another larger one situated on the opposite bank of a great river that took many days to cross. Mindful of the steamer captain's telling us that the Dyaks are familiar with the various constellations, we ask him if they are able to tell the

course of a river from observation of the stars. To this he answers "yes" and upon further questioning we learn that all of the constellations of stars are well known to the Dyaks and have been named by them after familiar objects of their daily life. The Seongs of the locality, he observes, call the square field of Pegasus "Palai," which is the native name for paddy, or rice storehouse, and the Pleiades they liken to a well. Orion they call "Lafaang" likening it to the figure of a man as do we Europeans, though to them the left arm is missing, which the chief explains to us:

"Old Palai had a beautiful daughter named Sinjai, who fell in love with a youth who lived in Long Kiput and was called Lafaang. After a time, during which he nightly wooed her, she invited him to climb to the heavens and become her husband, though at the same time she told him that he might be very unhappy there because of the different customs prevailing in her celestial home. So infatuated was Lafaang that he paid no heed to her admonition and hastened to climb into the sky on a great strand of rattan which

she dropped for him, making his way directly to the long-house of her father. Her parents were greatly surprised to see a mortal entering their house, but with kindly hospitality they hastened to make him comfortable and ordered their daughter to prepare food for him.

"After he had eaten and refreshed himself with *siri* and betel, they asked him his reason for the visit, and he told them that he wished to have their daughter's hand in marriage. Then old Palai called the other members of his household into consultation and after a time consented to the union, and Lafaang became one of the family, living in the long-house of her father and taking part, as became a new member of the family, in the household tasks.

"Nevertheless, despite oft-repeated instructions regarding the customs prevailing in the heavens, Lafaang found himself making gross mistakes, eating his food with his fingers instead of using the bodkin supplied for that purpose and committing other indecorums which so distressed his wife that she upbraided him. Soon his father-in-law invited him along with the other

sons of the household to assist in the clearing of a strip of jungle for a paddy-field, and Sinjai, in order to save him further embarrassment, instructed him in the matter of felling trees. All that was necessary, she told him, was to lay the blade of the ax at the foot of the tree to be felled, with the edge just touching the bark. The tree would then fall and save him much hard work. Habit, however, was strong within him, and he seized the ax they gave him and fell to thoughtlessly hacking at a monster *tapang* that stood in the center of the place they wished to clear. Much to his surprise, the trunk withstood his mightiest blows, and the edge of the ax was so blunted that the tool was rendered useless for any cutting purpose.

"His gentle wife was terribly ashamed to see how crudely he worked in comparison with the others, and fell to weeping, telling him to sit and watch them that he might learn the proper way to fell a tree. Lafaang, complying with her wishes, sat beside her for a time and then arose in great fright, for he could not understand how such a thing could be. He thought that the

trees must be enchanted and turned to flee the place. But his wife shamed him as a coward, and he remained for a time watching.

"The following day they again went to the field, where he, forgetting the lesson learned upon the previous day, took a new ax and began, as before, to hack at the stem of another tree. This breach of custom so angered the tree spirits that they caused to fall a dead tree that in crashing to the ground tore off Lafaang's left arm. Lafaang, disgusted at these unhappy incidents and also with the awkward appearance of Sinjai, who was well along toward becoming a mother, resolved to return to earth, which despite his wife's tearful entreaties, he did by means of the long creeper, which still hung from the sky to the earth. Since that time no other mortal man has had the temerity to seek a mate in the heavens, for all remember the misfortune of Lafaang in the constellation which now bears his name, being reminded of the incident each time they venture out of the house at night."

While the men are at the river bathing after their work about the boat, two of the boys, who

have been setting traps in the jungle, come to us with three of the strangest and most beautiful little animals we have ever seen. They are tiny deer scarcely eight inches in height from the tops of their little heads to the ground, two females and a buck, who are the most timorous creatures imaginable. The boys have brought them to us as presents, and we are overjoyed with our new possessions. They are the mouse-deer of Borneo, of which we have heard much said, but which we have never seen before. They are perfectly formed little things, as dainty and gentle as can be, and we look forward to making great pets of them. The boys found them ensnared in a bird-trap, in which they often become entangled. Their meat is considered something of a delicacy by the Dyaks, though one of them is only a mouthful, they are so small. We provide the little fellows with large bamboo cages and a quantity of food, telling the boys that we will richly reward them if they can secure us some additional specimens. What a furor they would make in America!

Soon, by virtue of the price we offer, we have

all of the boys of the *kampong* out setting traps for the little animals. Three days of this net us eighteen of the mouse-deer, but in the interim five of the first caught have died. They are extremely delicate and will not stand the rough handling they receive in the traps, nor the confinement, either. We begin to despair of getting any out of the country alive, and the chief shares with us this opinion. The passing of each day finds their number sadly diminishing, and so we ruefully turn the remainder of the gentle creatures free, taking them, however, a mile or so down the river, where we free them after petting them for a moment. They bounce into the underbrush in wild haste the moment they realize they have their freedom, while our Dyak friends look on in wonder at our act. They cannot understand why we should pay a high price for a thing and then set it free. This matter forms the principle topic of their chatter as they paddle us slowly back to the *kampong*. After dinner those who caught the animals for us come to our end of the gallery and offer to return the Dutch money that we gave them for trapping the mouse-

deer. It is evident that they have been talked to by the chief, who appreciates our feelings in the matter. The boys are still more mystified when we refuse the money. They shake their heads again, and evidently think that the ways of the white man are passing strange. It takes a little explanation on both our part and the chief's to straighten this last matter out in their minds. When it is all over they come again and thank us individually for what they now consider an unwarranted gift to them.

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR HASTY DEPARTURE

THE rains are setting in as though to make up for lost time now. Old man Rheumatiz is on the job too. Everything is damp and musty-smelling. Our shoes turn green with mold overnight, and when a garment once gets wet it stays that way unless one hangs it over the fire to dry. If we hang it up on the veranda it merely drips out a portion of the moisture, while the rest remains to help the mildew in its attack. Our duffle-bags need a daily baking to preserve them and their contents from destruction. The rain has continued throughout the night and, according to the predictions of the most weather-wise of our hosts, will continue to fall for a week without cessation. In the jungle the closeness is intolerable, and the leeches are holding a reunion. Every leaf on the low-growing shrubs, it seems, is covered with the bloodthirsty pests,

and a ten-minute walk through the undergrowth nets one a score of bites. They find openings in one's clothing despite all our efforts to prevent it. Each of their bites makes a nasty sore that is a long time healing, and things begin to get monotonous.

Sam appears to be "all in." He is just able to "navigate," and every now and then, in spite of the quinine we force him to take,—a teaspoonful at a time,—his teeth chatter like castanets. Between doses he sits by the fire all humped up in a heap, a red and blue sarong wrapped around him for warmth, though the air is like that of a greenhouse in early springtime when the steam is still turned on. By day, it is insufferably close, though at night, when the wind drives the rain before it, things become chill. The men of the *kampong* find sufficient occupation in just sitting around and watching the steady-falling rain or, in the case of some, carving bone hilts for *mandaus* or other such implements. They smoke innumerable cigarettes, which the women, for lack of something better to do, roll for them,

using, in lieu of paper, thin strips of dried palm-leaves.

The days drag by, three of them, with no change in the weather or activity. Sam has become steadily worse. The poor fellow is really sick now, and when we finally decide that something more than quinine is necessary we take him to the doorway, where the light is better, to look him over and plan a course of treatment. He has been washing the luncheon dishes and has the dish-cloth thrown across one shoulder, which seems to droop under it, though its weight is inappreciable. The figure he presents, as he stands outlined against the gray wall of pouring rain, is a doleful one. He looks as though a slight gust of wind would blow him away.

As we look him over in the stronger light, we notice something on him that makes our jaws drop and sets our minds racing. Owing to his almost black skin we had not observed it before, but now we plainly see that his face and hands and, as we investigate further, his whole torso are covered with tiny bumps of a peculiar red-

dish-purple color that would undoubtedly be an angry red but for the darkness of his skin. The malady that is besetting him also seems to be of an inflammatory character, for his face is a little puffed, as are his fingers and wrists. Telling him to wait by the door, we open up the medical kit and get out a thermometer, which a moment later tells us that he has a little temperature. One hundred and three, to be exact!—quite enough to make him groggy on his feet. Neither of us knows exactly what the trouble is. It may be measles, a skin disease peculiar to the jungle, or, what we greatly fear it is, that much-dreaded scourge of the tropics, smallpox! If it is the latter—ye gods!

The dish-towel still hangs upon his shoulder! We simply refuse to allow our minds to dwell upon what that dish-towel can do, or possibly already has done, for us. That little square of cloth is fraught with endless potentialities. We jerk it roughly from Sam's drooping shoulder and hurl the deadly thing into the glowing bed of embers on the gallery fireplace.

The ennui of the last week is over. We dis-

tinctly have our hands full. We are morally certain that we are faced with one of two diseases: measles or smallpox. Either one of them is not a joking matter. After sending Sam back to the semi-obscurity of our corner, we call the chief and ply him with questions regarding Sam's condition. From what the wise old man says, we become prepared for the worst, and when the old fellow looks Sam over and backs away from him in very evident fear we decide that we are due to move, suddenly. By fast travel down-stream to the main river we can make the fort at Poeroek Tajoe in five days. At the fort there is a doctor and a small hospital. We must get Sam there and go possibly into quarantine ourselves, that we may not spread the disease among the natives.

We immediately get everything collected ready for packing up. There is no use of worrying about ourselves. We have been as thoroughly exposed to the disease as is possible, and we thank our lucky stars that we were only recently vaccinated and that it "took" uncomfortably well.

Somewhere in our *barang* we have a liter of formaldehyde, with which we expected to pickle

any queer specimens of small animal life we ran across. The least we can do, we decide, is to fumigate our end of the gallery and the things belonging to the Dyaks that Sam has handled. When we tell him that we are going to put him in the hospital in Poeroek Tajoe, he perks up considerably. Before our equipment is stowed away in its traveling containers we arrange about our quarters and hang our blankets close to the largest of our pottery stoves, on which we have placed a pan containing nearly a pint of the formaldehyde. We then retire from the gallery, after closing our end of it with mats, and go to the river, where the men are preparing the canoes for the trip. We have arranged with the chief for two large boats and the men necessary to man them. They are not long in stowing our belongings in one of these, putting the boxes and sealed parcels of tinned foods into the one Sam is to occupy, leaving, however, sufficient food supplies for ourselves in the other.

From now on, we shall cook our own food and let Sam shift for himself. He can keep a fire going in the proa he is in and heat anything he

cares to select from the store of canned goods. We shall do the same. The men have covered the middle sections of both boats with a heavy thatch of *kadjung* or *attaps,* which provides an efficient shelter from the steady downpour. To further protect ourselves from the wet, we have them hang and tie down over each of the boats one of the heavy tarpaulins, which so inclose the canoes that they are very snug.

Nothing more remains to be done but to await the boiling away of the formaldehyde and to get our belongings packed for transport. Leaving Sam in the boat, where we caution him to remain on penalty of sudden death should he even stick a finger outside, we go back to the long-house, where we find the total population clustered in the extreme other end of the gallery, where they have been driven by the choking fumes of the boiling disinfectant. We had really no idea how penetrating and powerful the stuff was, and the dead moisture-laden atmosphere seems to hold it like a blanket throughout the "doors" adjacent to our quarters. This is very gratifying to us, for it seems to promise no untoward

results from the exposure the inmates of the house received at Sam's hands.

The air slowly clears, but it is nearly two hours before we venture to pull away the mats from the partition and open the door. We do this with our wetted handkerchiefs tied about our mouths, but we are coughing violently before we are through with the task; and our eyes are burning terribly, though we try to keep them closed.

While we await the clearing of the room, we go back to the other end of the gallery to get some fresh air and here find that one of the old men has been out in the jungle despite the weather and has gathered some things, which he tenders us. He tells us as he does so that they are an infallible cure for *penyakit chachar,* which is the native name for smallpox. We examine curiously the green, dark-red-streaked, trumpet-shaped plants he gives us. We find that they are the common pitcher-plants,—fly-traps,—scientifically known as *Sarracenia purpurea.* These, he says, will cure Sam of his malady if we but make an infusion of them and give him plenty

of the decoction to drink. In fact, the old man shows us a large quantity of them, a basketful, which he has just collected for that purpose. His wife will macerate them later and steep them for a time, after which all the members of the *kampong* will drink heartily of the tea thus made, to prevent the sickness taking hold of them.

We have never heard of the remedy before but have always prided ourselves on our willingness to take a chance—provided the odds looked about even. On many of our rambles through the jungles we had noticed these pitcher-plants growing in thick beds to the exclusion of other low vegetation, and though we knew that they lived solely on nitrogenous foods, such as the fleshy parts of insects, we never suspected them of being useful to human beings. The pitchers are only one variety of many flesh-feeding plants that thrive in the jungles. The sundews, which trap small insects by suddenly closing their leaves upon them, can be found in all the low-lying swampy places, and the *Nepenthes,* another variety of pitcher than the one brought to us by the old man, is to be found almost everywhere.

The *Sarracenia,* of which there seem to be two varieties in the mass of plants he has in the basket, have a trumpet-like flower which is provided with a curled-over extension of its open lip, which prevents the rain from filling it. By reason of the glossy hairs that line the interior surface of the trumpet, insects which inadvertently fall into it are unable to escape because they find no footing. These hairs, each of which is scarcely a thirty-second of an inch in length, points downward toward the bottom of the trumpet, which is about ten inches in length and grows in a vertical position. Once inside the tube, the luckless insect is trapped securely and is digested by the plant in the fluid it secretes in its closed bottom end. Upon looking the matter up, we find that this fluid is very similar to the human digestive fluid, the gastric juice secreted by our own stomachs. It dissolves the nitrogenous matter that falls into it that it may be assimilated by the plant. This we find to be true of all the flesh-feeding plants of the jungle, the only difference in them being that of structure and mechanism. None of these varieties of plants seem to depend

on their roots for anything but an anchorage and water-supply, as they derive all their nourishment from the food that is digested in their pitchers or between the surfaces of their leaves. These, when closed upon a victim, as in the case of the sundews, come together so tightly around the edges that it is impossible to pry them apart without tearing them to pieces. *Nepenthes* has a graceful pitcher, which hangs vertically from a tendril-like stalk and lures its prey into its gaping maw by means of a brightly-colored appendage, which forms its rain-cover, and a slight odor that is attractive to the insects which form its diet.

When we finally bid them all good-by and make the chief and his family their present of a hundred Dutch dollars for his many courtesies, we take a bundle of the pitcher-plants along with us to the boats. Our belongings, left to fumigate, have preceded us, for two of the boys got them out of the room, where the formaldehyde has finally petered out. Once again at the river bank, we lose no time in getting under way. It is late afternoon, and soon darkness will be upon

us. The Dyaks tell us that, with the late rains and consequent swollen condition of the river, we shall be able to make the whole of the journey by water. Ordinarily they are unable to do this, for the lower end of the stream we are now on becomes so broad and shallow before entering the Barito that even the light-draft proas are unable to cross the great gravel beds over which it flows.

Our acetylene reflector lamps prove a great assistance after nightfall. We place one of these in the prow of each canoe and are able to travel a long distance before the men decide that sufficient progress has been made. After a feed of pork and beans, some tinned biscuits, and tomatoes heated in the can, we roll up in smelly blankets, lulled to sleep by the gentle motion of the proas which are tethered to trees growing near the river bank. The drumming of the rain on the "tarps" overhead makes us feel snugly comfortable. The men have tied pieces of *attaps* over the ends of the canoes and are sleeping under these quite sheltered from the rain.

With the gray dawn they waken us with their

chatter and moving about as they prepare their breakfast. They have preëmpted our pottery stove and have it filled with glowing charcoal, over which their rice is cooking. They have a hard day ahead of them, for it is no joke to sit in a cramped position at the paddles for hours on end in a drenching downpour. To further fortify them, we dig out a large tin of corned beef from one of our cases and dump it in the pot in which their rice is boiling. That the men in the other canoe may not feel slighted, we call to Sam and tell him to give them a similar can from his stock. He has been sound asleep and at our first call does not hear us. We soon waken him, however, and he sticks his head out of the end of the shelter of his boat and grins. The poor devil is so happy that he is on his way back to the fort that he is forgetting to be sick. We conclude that he must have the disease in a very mild form and will soon recover.

As we watch the men in the other boat at the preparation of their breakfast, we conclude that it is pretty tough for them—paddling a floating pest-house. But it can't be helped. Some one

had to do it, and so that is all there is to it. We will have them looked over by the doctor at the fort and vaccinated. The chances are that they will be all right. We console ourselves with that.

We are under way again at seven thirty. The rain continues steadily, and the stream is far above its banks. Many trees have been washed out at the roots by the swift-flowing current and have fallen across the waterway, blocking our progress. At these times it becomes necessary to get out of the boats and cut our way through with axes. One giant of a *tapang* so blocks the stream that an hour is consumed in opening a passage. Although the delays irk us somewhat, we rather enjoy these little diversions, for they break the monotony, giving us a chance to stretch our limbs and take a look around. Sam we never see. He is luxuriating in his blankets, delightfully sick, happy in the thought that he is being called upon to do no work.

Somehow the days wear on, and at noon of the fourth, as we round a bend in the Barito, we glimpse a welcome sight. Before us, framed in

the triangular opening of the tarpaulin covering our little "cabin," we see the *Voorwaarts* tied to the dock of Poeroek Tajoe.

The rain ceased some time last night, and the sun is trying to break through the mists that shroud the landscape. Within the hour we have transferred our baggage to the steamer and have taken Sam to the doctor. He looks him over a little gravely at first and then smiles broadly.

"Why did n't you stay away a week or two longer? If you had you would have saved me a lot of bother. He would have been well by that time. Now I 've got to lock him up and feed him until he 's out of it."

"How about ourselves?" we ask him.

"Let me see those vaccinations you told me about," he continues and, as he sizes up the red scars upon our arms, says: "From your general appearance, the both of you are disgustingly healthy. Got thin, though, did n't you?"

We talk over the matter of Sam's detention, and the doctor tells us that he will ship him direct to Singapore the moment it is safe for him to travel; and we leave sufficient money to defray

both Sam's expenses home and an extra amount for accrued wages. For himself the doctor will accept no fee but requests us, if we are so inclined, to send him a new phonograph record or two from Soerabaya when we arrive at that port. The dining-room of the Oranje in that town is calling us, and we shall lose no time in getting there. All that remains to be done is to thank Captain Van Wijk for his many courtesies and go aboard the *Voorwaarts,* which is waiting with steam up for us.

We bid a warm good-by to the doctor, who calls to us as we walk down the pathway from his gate: "Don't worry about coming down with it. Men who are born to hang will never die in bed." The last we see of the genial pair, the doctor and Captain Van Wijk, is two white-garbed figures standing on the top of the bluff above the river, waving to us a warm *bon voyage.*